

VINSON F DAVIS

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ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD  
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# IMPROVEMENT ERA, VOLUME XXIV

## INDEX TO SUBJECTS.

DISCOURSES, ESSAYS, GENERAL ARTICLES, ETC.		DISCOURSES, ESSAYS ( <i>Continued</i> )	
	PAGE		PAGE
Agriculture, The Old and the New in .....	341	Entertaining the Farmers of an Entire State .....	1077
Ah Ching .....	992	Enthusiasm in Preaching .....	1058
Alphabet of Suggestive Defi- nitions .....	1085	Episode of the Plains .....	793
America, Is It a Book of Mormon Name? .....	130	Evolution, Just a Few Words on ..	34
Appeal to Hawaiians and Other Polynesians .....	703	Example .....	977
Appreciation, An .....	421	Fall, The, and the Redemption....	373
As Rachel Wept of Old .....	72	Fate .....	645
Autocrats, The Northern .....	1	Fathers and Sons' Outing, 1921....	730
Baggarley, Maud .....	1020	Fort Supply .....	800
Band, Boy Scouts of America Y. M. M. I. A. ....	542	Girl, The .....	1103
Beaver, The .....	527	Give Me the Honor .....	257
Being Great .....	93	Glimpses of Nature .....	1068
Being Somebody .....	292	God's Need of Man .....	907
Bible Texts, Notes on .....	250	"Good Tobacco Business" .....	809
Blackfoot Stake Tabernacle.....	546	Gospel, The, and Emerson .....	469
"Blessed are They which are Per- secuted" .....	740	Handicap, The Great American ....	529
Boy Scout Book, the First .....	733	How Do You Stand? .....	40
Boys, Two, Who Tried and Tri- umphed .....	491	"Hui Tau" .....	769
Buffalo, Return of the .....	252	Idaho Falls Hospital .....	66
Caffeine, An Experiment on .....	3	Incident, An, of Mexican Life .....	322
Canton .....	729	"Keep the Commandments" .....	41
Chinese Realm Dedicated .....	443	Landmark of Pioneer Days .....	508
Christ is Risen .....	579	Leadership, Qualifications in.....	1059
Church, The, as an Ideal Insti- tution .....	880	Learning by Doing .....	828
Cigarette Smoker, The .....	390	Look for the Best .....	717
Cigarette Menace, The .....	144	Lop-Sided Appropriations .....	1119
Cliff Dwellers of Today .....	30	Lund, President Anthon H.....	499
Cocoa Nut, The Tale of the .....	437	Man's Need of God .....	811
College Training for Business.....	1065	Marriage and Married Life .....	695
Conan Doyle's "New Revelation," and "Vital Message" .....	6	Medal, Bravery to Boy Scout.....	515
Consider the Lilies .....	1118	Message, A, to the Youth of the Land .....	187
Conversion .....	1089	M. I. A. Slogans .....	742
Counsel to the Young People of the Church .....	865	Monument at Pioneer View.....	959
Culture .....	810	Monument, Pioneer View, Correct Placing of .....	969
Dead, Why Baptize for the .....	638	"Mormon" Temporalities .....	921
Destruction through Smoking .....	337	Mother and Son .....	622
Determined to Work .....	912	Natural Phenomena Related to Human History .....	738
Does Education Pay? .....	1013	Nicotine and Tobacco, Effects of ..	338
		Old Fort Hall—1836-1920 .....	242
		Olla, The Big in Cave Valley.....	640
		"One Andrew Jenson" .....	784
		One Picture of Thousands.....	997
		"On the Run" .....	741
		Opportunities for Boys .....	241



	PAGE		PAGE
DISCOURSES, ESSAYS ( <i>Continued</i> )		DISCOURSES, ESSAYS ( <i>Continued</i> )	
Old Southpaw .....	1070	Friends .....	307
Outing of Boy Scouts Mt. Pleasant .....	1022	Tobacco Habit From a Financial Viewpoint .....	831
Peace Through Gospel of Christ .....	404	Two Great Phases of the Lord's Work .....	281
Picked for a Winner (Dr. Franklin S. Harris) .....	917	Tuberculosis Christmas Seal, I am the .....	67
Pilgrimage to the Temple .....	1025	Under the Curse .....	826
Pilgrims and Utah Pioneers .....	95	Utah's Cliff-Dwelling Scenics .....	301
Pioneer View .....	957	Value Behind Common Things .....	628
Pioneer Life, Glimpses of .....	778	Veto Power The .....	240
Pioneer Grounds, Historic .....	832	Visit to Missouri, A .....	120
Poor Land vs. Land Poor .....	420	Vital Problems of Life, Part II—	
Prayer, A .....	526	Lesson VII—Developing Power of Responsibility .....	52
Providential .....	519	Lesson VIII—Sustaining Force of Covenants .....	55
Prophecy, Joseph Smith's Last .....	797	Lesson IX—Driving Power of Duty .....	58
Record of the Mighty Dead .....	1084	Lesson X—Influence of Natural Environment .....	147
Redwing Helped .....	308	Lesson XI—Moulding Power of Vocation .....	150
Religion of Body and Mind .....	1115	Lesson XII—Advantage of Custom .....	152
Revelation from God, How Received .....	673	Lesson XIII—Helpfulness of Inheritance .....	229
Revelation, A, How Fulfilled .....	698	Lesson XIV—Freedom from Debt .....	232
Royal-Born, You Are .....	39	Lesson XV.—The Control of Bias .....	235
Salt Lake Theater in Early Days .....	736	Lesson XVI—Pull of Prejudice .....	315
Sanunitu, The, of Now-a-Days .....	62	Lesson XVII—Meeting Time's Tidal Waves .....	319
Scout, The First, in Yellowstone .....	494	Lesson XVIII—Review .....	321
Scouts, Early, in Zion Canyon .....	523	Lesson XIX—Why Be Religious? .....	411
Scouting in the Y. M. M. I. A. .....	554	Lesson XX—Why Believe in a Personal God? .....	415
Scout Home, New, Amid the Shanghai .....	1011	Lesson XXI—Why Believe in the Atonement? .....	533
Signs Following the Believer .....	296	Lesson XXII—Why Believe in the Atonement? .....	537
Smith, George Albert .....	1051	Lesson XXIII—Why Have a Church? .....	613
Some Social Sentiments .....	199	Lesson XXIV—Why Choose the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints? .....	615
Sources of Joy and Factors of Happiness:		Lesson XXV—Why Choose the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints? .....	617
Lessons I-VI .....		Vocational Guidance .....	289
.....1002-1007 and 1094-1098		Wasted Material and Misspent Energy .....	255
South Sea Islanders, Educating the .....	506	Why Baptism? .....	212
Summary of "Mormonism," A .....	609	Why Did They Turn? .....	344
Southland Sketches—"Uncle Remus"—Joel Chandler Harris .....	642		
Mountains .....	999		
Stream, The .....	348		
Study Courses for 1921-2 .....	1009		
Suggestions to Young Men .....	170		
Tablet in the Sacred Grove .....	14		
Tact and Kind Words .....	407		
Taxes, The Perennial Question of .....	335		
Temple Work .....	639		
Testimony, A Poet's .....	410		
Thoughts of a Farmer .....	122		
Three Snowfalls .....	156		
Tithing Propositions .....	624		
Tobacco Crusade, How it Can be Avoided .....	218		
Tobacco Condemned by its			

	PAGE		PAGE
DISCOURSES, ESSAYS ( <i>Continued</i> )		EDITOR'S TABLE ( <i>Continued</i> )	
Warning Word, A .....	1018	Tobacco, Quit the Use and Sale of .....	351
Water Fairy, The .....	980	Welcome Home .....	1031
Wells, President Emmeline B. ....	718	Who of Israel Entered Canaan? ..	79
Why a Church School? .....	1027	Why Joseph Smith was a Great Prophet .....	172
Why Fear Death? .....	1053		
William Brewster and the Pilgrim Motive .....	582, 681		
Work of the Business Organizer ..	423		
"You and Me for Utah" .....	65		
Young Man's Greatest Problem ..	168		
EDITOR'S TABLE		MUTUAL WORK	
Back to First Principles .....	1029	Arco Again to the Front .....	272
Bishops and Counselors, Instructions to .....	1121	Basket Ball League .....	661
Books .....	80, 174, 263, 941	Books .....	460
Book of Mormon, New Issue .....	352	Boy Scout Caravan to Yellowstone .....	1041
Christmas Greetings, First Presidency .....	262	Conference, First in San Francisco ..	662
Church Notice, Important .....	937	Consultation with Counselors .....	177
Church Offices, Important Changes in .....	563	Decoration Day, Observing .....	849
Close of Volume 24 .....	1120	Efficiency Reports .....	177
Commandments and Promises .....	259	"Era" and Fund .....	177
Commended by David O. McKay ..	844	Information Sheet on Scouting .....	85
Conference Topics, Ninety-first Annual .....	650	List of Y. M. M. I. A. Manuals .....	362
Ephraim and Manasseh True Israelites .....	172	Medal Awarded Boy Scout for Life Saving .....	855
Error Corrected .....	657	Membership .....	177
Faith by Whom Should be Taught ..	447	M. I. A. Annual Conference .....	754
Fire and Tobacco .....	843	M. I. A. a Live Organization in England .....	1128
Jews, Attitude of L. D. S. Toward the .....	747	M. I. A. Reading Course, 1921-2 .....	855
Lesser Priesthood a Standard of Action for the .....	1120	M. I. A. Workers, San Francisco ..	663
Loyal Citizenship, What Constitutes .....	836	Missionary Dies in California .....	456
Lund, Pres. Anthon H., in Memory of .....	565	Missionary Work in the Boise Stake .....	84
Marriage and Inspiration, Concerning .....	743	Montpelier Subscriptions .....	361
Masonry and "Mormonism" .....	937	Order of Taking up Y. M. M. I. A. Work for September .....	1049
Messages from the Missions, 81, 174, 265 355, 449, 567, 657, 748, 844, 941, 1032, 1122.		Preston, Nevada, Shows Good Work .....	272
M. I. A. Annual Conference .....	842	Program Y. M. M. I. A. Tobacco Campaign .....	270
Missionary Statistics .....	747	Questions, How to Ask .....	456
"Mormon Settlement in Arizona" ..	939	Scout Institute and M. I. A. Convention .....	460
Prophet and Seer, Meaning of .....	746	Scouting in the Y. M. M. I. A. .....	664
Results of Keeping the Commandments .....	78	Songs, Appropriate .....	363
Suffering in Asia and Europe, for Relief of .....	354	Statistical Report of the Y. M. M. I. A. .....	946
Think and Will .....	550	Subscriptions for the Era .....	456
		Summit Stake Y. M. M. I. A. ....	459
		Summer Work .....	662
		Teacher-training .....	270
		Teacher-training Guides .....	361
		Text for Teacher-training .....	361
		Work for October .....	1128
		Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, Oct. 1920 .....	167, 178
		Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report,	

**v**

	PAGE		PAGE
<b>MUTUAL WORK (Continued)</b>		<b>PASSING EVENTS (Continued)</b>	
Nov. 1920 .....	271	Caruso, Enrico, Dies at Naples.....	1047
Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report,		Central American Unionist Party	573
Dec., 1920 .....	364	Chamberlin, Prof. William H.,	
Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report,		Dead .....	858
Jan. 1921 .....	457	Chapel, Spanish Fork, Dedicated	176
Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report,		Christian, John Ward, Dead ....	464
Feb. 1921, .....	568	Church Fast Day Contributions	574
Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report,		Churchill, Lady, Death of .....	952
March, 1921 .....	660	City and County Building, New,	
Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report,		for Provo .....	367
April, 1921 .....	756	Clancey, George, Mayor of Lime-	
Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report,		rick, Killed .....	572
May, 1921 .....	852	Clark, Champ, Called by Death	667
Y. M. M. I. A. Outings .....	85	Colton, Captain Wm. F. Passes,	
		Away .....	368
<b>PASSING EVENTS</b>		Cohn, Henry, Passes Away .....	857
Aaland Question Settled .....	952	Columbia Treaty Ratified .....	758
Alexander, King of Greece, dead	180	Condon, Dr. A. S., Dead .....	462
Alaska, To, Through the Air .....	1043	Conference on Disarmament 953,	1045
Alberta's New Government .....	1048	Conference, the 91st Semi-Annual	88
American Delegates to Arma-		Congress, Extraordinary Session,	
ment Conference .....	1129	Convenes .....	760
American Flag, Peary's, Found.....	88	Constantine Returns to Athens....	367
Anderson, Scott William, Dead.....	1044	Cost of the War to the United	
Anti-Cigarette Bill Introduced in		States .....	273
Utah .....	462	Cox, Gov. James M., Speaks in	
Anti-Cigarette Bill Passed in		the Tabernacle .....	90
Idaho .....	572	Critchlow, Edward Benjamin,	
Anti-Cigarette Bill, the South-		Death of .....	368
wick, Passed .....	575	Curie Madame, Visits New York	1045
Arizona Contributes to Mormon		Dahlquist, Laurentius, Called.....	1043
Battalion Fund .....	665, 952	Dirigible Z-R-2 Wrecked .....	1131
Armistice Between Poland and		Discovery of Ancient Bones.....	180
Russia .....	89	Dublin, Murder and Reprisal ....	276
Assembly League of Nations, the		Duffin, James G., Passes way....	856
first .....	179	Earl Kidnapped .....	952
Athens, Ga., Visited by Fire	461	Earthquake, a Disastrous, in Italy	89
Augusta Victoria Former Ger-		Earthquake Shocks .....	369
man Empress Dead .....	758	Edwards, Prof. L. D., Laid to	
Ballif Goes to Swiss and German		Rest .....	574
Mission .....	179	Election, Presidential, Results	
Ball, Inaugural, in Honor of Gov-		of .....	184
Mabey .....	368	Eliason, Olaf L. Passes Away....	367
Baptized by the Prophet .....	465	Emergency Tariff Bill, The .....	858
Beck, Alfred R., Called .....	666	Excommunication .....	668, 758
Beesley, Mrs. Sarah, Dead .....	857	Fairbanks, Cornelius M., Laid to	
Belfast, Serious Riots in .....	1129	Rest .....	368
Bethman-Hollweg, Death of .....	369	Famine in China .....	273
Brimhall, Dr. George H., Honor-		Farms, Number in Utah .....	274
ably Released .....	762	Field, Woodward .....	368
Brown, Norman, Passes Away ....	666	Fifield Matthew Phelps, Passes	
Buckley, William, Called .....	274	Away .....	90
Buelow, Gen. Karl Von ....	1129	Fire Damages Oil Plant in Salt	
Burroughs, John, Called by		Lake .....	858
Death .....	763	Fire, Disastrous, in Tokio.....	665
Carlson, Mrs. Inga, Passes Away	665	Fiume Surrenders .....	377
		Forsberg, J. William, Called .....	277



	PAGE		PAGE
PASSING EVENTS ( <i>Continued</i> )		PASSING EVENTS ( <i>Continued</i> )	
Foulger, Herbert, Passes Away.....	273	Lammers, Peter Jacob, Dead .....	669
Free Mrs. Mary Titcomb, Dead.....	759	Lane, Franklin K., Dead .....	764
German Cabinet Resigns .....	758	Lever Act Partly Unconstitutional	572
Germany, Political Disorders in	1131	Lewis, Ralph E., Receives Rhodes	
Germany Refuses to Pay .....	669	Scholarship .....	181
Germany's Reparation Problem.....	763	Life of a Child Worth \$10?.....	371
Gibbons, James Cardinal, Dead.....	666	Lightburn, Calvin Luther, Dead..	274
Gompers, Re-elected Labor		Limitation of Armaments .....	1130
Leader .....	953	Lindsay, John, Passes Away.....	1046
Grant, President Heber J. Visits		Lives Saved by Boy Scouts.....	861
Cedar City .....	90	Ludwig III, King of Bavaria, Re-	
Greek Cabinet Resigns .....	275	ported Dead .....	179
Guest, Edgar A., Entertained by		Lund, Elder C. N., Passes Away	761
Pres. Grant .....	463	Mabey, Gov. Charles R., Takes	
Hailstorm, Severe .....	1131	Oath of Office .....	369
Hamby, G. B., Detective, Killed	464	Mail, Quickest Service From	
Hamilton, Bishop James C.,		Coast. ..	367
Passes Away .....	276	Maneuvering a Ship by Wireless	953
Hammond, Clyde Asbury, Passes		Manufacturing in Utah .....	1044
Away .....	666	Marriger, Lawrence C., Passes	
Hapsburgs Estate .....	1129	Away .....	572
Harding and Coolidge, Formal		Martineau, Col. James H., Death	
Vote for .....	463	of .....	956
Harding, President-elect, Asked		Maughan, Peter W., Logan,	
Not to Smoke .....	462	Passes Away .....	179
Harding, President, Inauguration		McCornick, Wm. S., Called by	
of .....	575	Death. ..	764
Harris, Dr. Franklin S., President		McSwiney, Death of .....	182
of B. Y. U. ....	761	Merrill, Mrs. Bathsheba, Called..	369
Harrison, George, of Sringville,		Millerand Alexandre, French	
Dead .....	465	President .....	88
Hart, John Isaac, Passes Away....	368	Morgan, Bishop, Joseph R.,	
Haywood Flees to Russia .....	762	Called .....	275
Hendricks, Prof. George B., Dead	573	Mowrey, Harley, Sr., Passes Away	183
Henrie, John Nathaniel, Dead.....	462	Napoleon Bonaparte Honored.....	758
Home Rule Bill, Irish, Passed..	367	Nicholas, King of Montenegro,	
Honorary Degrees for Pres. Pen-		Dead .....	573
rose and Prof. Brimhall .....	859	Nightingale, Florence, Birthday	
House, the Oldest in Utah .....	88	of .....	856
Idaho's Tobacco License Law in		Nobel Peace Prize for Wilson....	273
Effect .....	758	Obregon, General, President of	
Immigration Restriction Bill.....	856	Mexico .....	273
Indian War Veterans .....	1043	Operation, a Skilful .....	88
Indian Revolutionists .....	1130	Parliament of Northern Ireland	
Iverson, L. Moth, Sudden Death	367	Opened .....	857
Ivie, Mr. and Mrs., Leave for		Peace Sentiment Growing .....	953
Japan .....	367	Peace Resolution Adopted by	
Japan Apologizes .....	573	Congress .....	954
Jensen Dr. C. M., Superintendent		Penrose, Charles W., 89th Birth-	
of Schools .....	1043	day Anniversary .....	462
Jews in Jerusalem Welcome Fi-		Peru Celebrates .....	1043
nancier .....	464	Phoenix Day Observed .....	668
Jewish State in Russia .....	759	Pilgrim Fathers, 300th Anniver-	
Jex, William, Letter From .....	1045	sary of Landing .....	371
King Peter of Servia Dead .....	1130	Piracy in the Atlantic .....	954
Knight, Jesse, Passes Away.....	670	Polish Constitution .....	665
Kropotkin, Prince, Dead .....	461	Population of Utah .....	954



	PAGE
PASSING EVENTS ( <i>Continued</i> )	
Population, Total of the World	368
Portrait of Joseph Simmons Wilkes	273
Potatoes, Improvement of	956
Pueblo Swept by Flood	860
Quadruplet in Plain City, Utah	273
Radium Presented to Mme Curie	856
Real Estate, Total Value in Utah	274
Reception Tendered Prof. Brimhall	860
Relief Society, Change in Presidency	666
Resistance to Sunday Law	461
Riter, Wm. D., Assistant Attorney General	665
Rioting in Tulsa, Okla.	857
Rioters Warned by Prest. Harding	1131
Russian War Measures	463
Sadler, Samuel H., Passes Away..	179
Salt Lake City Schools.	88
Schleswig in the Danish Rigsdag	88
Scout, A, Worthy of Honor.	1046
Sebastopol Taken by "Reds"	275
Sevier Stake Divided	462
Sharp, John C., Called by Death	464
Sheep and Cattle Frozen to Death	759
Shell, Uncle John, 130 Years Old	1129
Silesia, War Operations in	856
Silesian Controversy Settled.	1041
Skeleton of an Unknown Reptile	90
Skidmore, Charles H., elected president, U. E. A.	368
Socialist Legislators Expelled.... Office	88 665
Solmon, Alfred, Dead	759
Spry, Commissioner of the Land State House, the First in Utah...	761
Strike, British Coal Miners' Ended	953
Starvation in Russia.	1046
Sunspots, a Group to Appear.	856
Taft, ex-President Wm. H., Speaks in Tabernacle	179
Taft Succeeds White	953
Taylor, President Moses W., Released	1043
Temple, an Ancient, Unearthed...	759
Temperature, Unusually High	858
Temperature in Salt Lake City, July 20	1043
Teachers, Church, Annual Convention	367
Thatcher, Mrs. Lettie Farr, Called	952
Thomas, Dr. George, President of U. of U.	955
Tobacco Smoking, Cost of	179

	PAGE
PASSING EVENTS ( <i>Continued</i> )	
Tornado Disastrous in Texas	759
Treaty, Anglo-Russian, Signed.	668
Trouble with Indians	858
Treaty of Peace Between United States and Germany	1130
Ulster Parliament Opened	953
Ultimatum From Lenine to Soviet University of Arizona, L. D S. Students in	760
Union Pacific Purchases Los Angeles and Salt Lake R. R.	857
Utah at Women's Congress, Christiansia	91
Utah's Sugar Beet Crop	180, 1043
Utah Workmen's Compensation Act	180
Utah Artist Honored in France..	276
Utah Farm Bureau, Annual Session	367
Utah Legislature, Fourteenth Session	370
Utah Legislature Adjourns.	669
Vacuum, An Almost Perfect.	666
Valera, Eamonn de, Re-elected in Ireland	952
Value of Output of Utah Mines...	367
Venus and the Moon in Conjunction	572
Victory of Greeks in Asia Minor.	1044
Viviani Visits the United States	665
Wage Reductions	856
Wages, Lower, Demanded	759
War Between Poland and Lithuania Averted	90
War Indemnity, German, Enormous	463
Ward and Stake Officers, Changes	667, 955
Warless World, A, by 1923.	1044
Washington, Ancestral Home of	954
Wells, Bishop John, Visits the Missions	462
Wells, Mrs. Emmeline B., Celebrates Birthday	573
Wells, Emmeline B., Funeral Services	760
Wheat, Charles O., Passes Away ..	952
White, Edward Douglas, Chief Justice Passes Away	764
Whitney, Elder Orson F., Goes to Europe	760
Whitney, Horace G., Death of	182
Woolgrowers' Association, Convention of	461
Woman's Party Dissolved	572
Woodruff, Wilford	761

	PAGE		PAGE
PASSING EVENTS ( <i>Continued</i> )		POETRY ( <i>Continued</i> )	
Woolley, Marcellus S., Dead.....	1044	Man, The, With a Smile .....	51
Worthington, Dr. U., Dead.....	857	Man With a Grouch, The .....	340
Wreck of Two Passenger Trains.....	665	Meadow Lark, To a .....	728
Young, Judge Le Grand, Dead.....	1047	Merit .....	334
Zion National Park Dedicated....	92	M. I. A., The .....	406
		Mine .....	249
POETRY		Moment, In the Unguarded .....	627
Advice to a Friend .....	288	Moon and the River, The .....	634
A Letter from Home .....	1105	Morning Song .....	1001
Arouse Ye, My Soul .....	991	Mother .....	621
Assemblage of Verse:		"Mother," What, Means to Me ....	621
Childless Woman, The .....	819	My Daddy Rainbow .....	1102
Faith and Works .....	823	New Year .....	185
Hope .....	819	Our Flag .....	767
Land I Love, The .....	818	Power Divine .....	808
Lincoln Highway, The .....	823	Prayer, A Missionary's .....	712
Morning .....	824	Scout Laws in Song .....	295
Oak, The .....	825	Seeing Too Much .....	430
Rejoice, Rejoice, Hawaii.....	822	Shall We Know Our Own Once	
Slumber Car, The .....	820	More? .....	1012
Song in Gold, or Sunshine Song ..	818	Silver Star .....	419
Stone Path, The, Speaks.....	825	Song of Work, Health and Play..	228
Summer Time on Sagar's Hill..	821	Some Day! Somewhere! .....	429
What Have You Sown?.....	821	Spring Immortal .....	577
Autumn .....	1067	Spring-a-Ling-a-Ling .....	547
Awakening, The .....	5	Stake Songs .....	68-71
Babyland, To .....	1017	Storm Clouds' Kiss .....	498
Brother, Sister, Dread No Ill ....	146	Story That Is True, The .....	935
By Their Fruits .....	968	Sunbeams .....	1114
Centata, A Sacred .....	433	Sunset, The Same.....	238
Charms of Home, The .....	945	Sunshine or Shadow .....	490
Common Ground .....	581	Supplication .....	702
Confidence, My .....	697	Take Courage .....	796
Crucifixion, The .....	422	Toast, A .....	622
Daddy's Love .....	671	Today is Mine .....	787
Dawn .....	1117	To My Father .....	1024
Dawning Year .....	186	Try .....	22
Don't Give Up .....	1088	Up to Me .....	119
Dope Fiend, The .....	213	Utah Land .....	397
Eden .....	1092	What Would Love Require? .....	217
Fatherhood .....	1969	Winter's Song .....	505
Forces We Leave Behind .....	817		
Garden of Souls, The .....	347	PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS' TABLE	
Glow Follows Good .....	128	Quorum and Teacher Training	
Grand Teton .....	77	Leaders .....	176
Help It On .....	979	Study Course for 1921 and Teach-	
Home, In That Heavenly .....	1028	er-Training .....	269
I'd Like to .....	777	Who Are Ward Officers .....	
Introspection .....	541		269
Jim Morgan, L. D. S. ....	279		
Just a Cigarette .....	254	SONGS	
Lake, By the .....	637	An Angel Came Down .....	
Little Things We Do, The, .....	360	Landing of the Pilgrims .....	
Live Well Today .....	911	Martyrs, The .....	
Lonesome .....	890	Our M. I. A. ....	
Looking Towards the West ....	29	Pioneers, The .....	
		Star, Sweet Evening .....	

# INDEX TO SUBJECTS

ix

## STORIES

PAGE

Adjustment of Nature, An .....	635
Arm of the Rio, The .....	548
Bear Story, My .....	482
"Big Foot," the King Wolf of San Juan .....	16
Bluebirds .....	632
Blunders of Percival, The .....	722
Christmas .....	193
Closing the Gap .....	214
Coin of Eternity .....	326
Diary, An Effective .....	398
Discovery, a Joyful .....	157
Dividing Line, The .....	896
End of the Feud .....	1086
Experience, A Remarkable .....	442
Experience, A Thrilling.....	558
Fagged Out (a Playlet) .....	891

## STORIES (Continued)

Girl, The, of the Panel Picture .....	205
God's Way Out .....	309
Hopi Legends .....	516
How Theodore Seabring Made Res-titution .....	1108
Jim's Test .....	23, 123
Joseph F. Dobson, D. D. D.....	983
Lone Rock .....	713
Old Southpaw .....	1070
Panacarre's Ticaboo .....	805
Peril, The Yellow.....	391
Something Did Happen .....	503
Spice of Danger, A .....	595
"Star's" Christmas Feature, The .....	104
Summit, Just Under the .....	510
Suppose It Was You .....	646
Threads .....	788
Treasure Seeker, The ..	928

# INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS.

Adney, C. G. ....	1082	tural College Campus.....	1078
Agricultural College Campus .....	1076, 1080	Chinese, Famine Stricken, .....	446
American Desert, On the Great .....	509	Choral Society, Taylor Stake .....	441
Angels' Landing, Zion Canyon ....	522	Cigarettes, That's Why .....	254
Animals, Be Kind to .....	493	Clegg, Fred L. ....	1082
Articles That Belonged to Elder Brewster .....	691	College Dairy, U. A. C. ....	1081
Assembly in Front of Old Faith- ful Inn .....	1041	Community House, near Bluff, Utah .....	303
"Aunt En" as Mother of Multi- tudes .....	718	Corner of the Playroom, U.A.C. ....	1083
Avedian, Giragos, B. S. ....	491	Corners in the Sierra Nevadas .....	768
Bandit, A Typical Mexican .....	325	Cows, To Milk The .....	629
Baptismal Scene in Maine .....	845	Dairy Husbandry Department, U. A. C. ....	1079
Barney, Archie Fay, B. S., .....	491	Deseret News Building, New.....	785
Bear, Black, Eating Candy .....	494	Deseret News Building, Old .....	784
Beavers at Work .....	528	Elders Alabama Conference .....	268
Beggar, a Chinese, at Canton.....	729	Elders in Alabama and Georgia ..	748
Big Mountain, Summit of, .....	970	Elders in Arizona .....	751
Blackfoot Stake Tabernacle.....	546	Elders in Arkansas .....	942
Bluff, the Town of, Utah, and the San Juan River .....	31	Elders Attending Missionary Class, London .....	753
Bonneville, Capt. B. L. E., .....	243	Elders in Auckland Conference .....	1037
Boy Scouts M. I. A. Band .....	542	Elders in Australia .....	83
Boy Scouts on the Way to Yellow- stone .....	1093	Elders in Bristol Conference.....	658
Boy Scouts Street Parade .....	544	Elders in East Iowa Conference .....	358
Bryce Canyon .....	1022, 1023	Elders in East Washington Con- ference .....	357
Buffalo, A .....	253	Elders in Holland .....	942
Burial Procession, Shanghai .....	1011	Elders Laboring in Louisville.....	451
Cairn at Fort Hall .....	562	Elders and Lady Missionaries in Springfield, Illinois .....	1127
California Mountain Scenes, Three .....	210	Elders in Manchester Conference, England .....	1127
Camp, A, in Yellowstone Park ....	496	Elders in Memphis, Tenn., .....	750
Camping Ground, Utah Agricul- tural College Campus.....	1078	Elders in New Castle Confer- ence .....	1035



	PAGE		PAGE
ILLUSTRATIONS (Continued)		ILLUSTRATIONS (Continued)	
Elders in New Zealand.....	359	Maori Stalwarts .....	775
Elders in Norwich, England .....	571	Mapusaga Conference, Scenes in .....	440
Elders in Nottingham, England .....	749	M. I. A. Officers in Oakland, Cal. ....	570
Elders in Oklahoma .....	752	M. I. A. Officers at Liberty Park .....	920
Elders in the South Australian		Missionaries in Birmingham .....	847
Mision .....	1032	Missionaries in the Eastern States .....	266
Elders in Spokane, Washington.....	452	Missionaries in Indianapolis.....	848
Elders in Tahiti .....	846, 1034	Missionaries Laboring in Joplin .....	944
Elders in Texas .....	945	Missionaries in London .....	753
Elders in Virginia onference.....	1123	Missionaries in London Confer-	
Elders in Waco, Texas .....	752	ence .....	450
Elders in Wisconsin Conference .....	1125	Missionaries in Lowell, Mass. ....	659
Embarkation of the Pilgrims in		Missionaries in Michigan .....	567
the "Speedwell" .....	688	Missionaries of Nebraska Confer-	
European Mission, Former Head-		ence .....	455
quarters Force .....	1038	Missionaries in New South Wales .....	360
Faithful, Old, in Action .....	497	Missionaries of Maine Conference .....	355
Felling a Giant Tree .....	998	Missionaries in Queensland.....	1040
Fort Hall, Interior of .....	247	Missionaries in West Iowa Con-	
Franklin and Uncle Sam Meet		ference .....	82
Senator Smoot .....	545	"Mormons" Leaving Huntley	
Grandparents to Four Pairs of		"Hui Tau" ....	770
Twins .....	277	"Mormonism" the Answer to the	
Grant, President Heber J. and		World's Religious Needs .....	356
Children .....	864	Murray Scene on Main Street.....	851
Grave of General Richard W.		utual Dell .....	87
Young .....	850	Netherlands, Belgium Mission.....	1036
Great Tree Planted by Brigham		New Zealand, Tracting in .....	1034
Young .....	832	Old Fort Hall, Exterior of .....	245
Guildhall, The, in Old Boston.....	682, 684	Pageant, M. I. A., Nampa, Idaho .....	949
Hall, Henry .....	242	Papago Ward, M. I. A. ....	948
Harding, Warren G. ....	129	Peterhouse College, Cambridge Uni-	
Harris, Dr. Franklin Stewart.....	917	versity .....	591
Heaton, Jonathan, and 15 Sons....	143	Peterson, Lawrence .....	1048
Idaho Falls Hospital .....	66	Picture, a Remarkable .....	349
Ivins, President Anthony W. ....	564, 578	Pilgrims, Homes and Journeys of .....	587
Jenson, Andrew .....	786	Pioneer Road, Old .....	972
Jones, Bishop Kumen and Wife .....	33	Potatoes, Breeding Better	
Lund, President Anthom Henrik .....	468	Strains of .....	341
Little Mountain, Summit of .....	971	Presidents and Cabinets, New and	
Little Natural Bridge, Westwater		Old .....	623
Canyon .....	302	Ready to Leave .....	86
"Lo, old Scout!" .....	597	Riter, W. W. ....	974
Mabey, Charles R., Governor of		Roberts, Chaplain, Snapshot of....	482
Utah .....	164	Rogers, Elder Henry Parkinson..	267
McKay, David O., at Apia,		Ruins Near Blanding.....	304, 305, 306
Samoa .....	992, 1039	Sawtooth National Park View.....	239
Making Wagons, Aeroplanes and		Scene in Zion Canyon .....	525
Tool Boxes A. C. U. ....	1077	Scrooby Manor House as it is	
"Mayflower" in Plymouth Har-		Today .....	585
bor .....	94	Scouting in Zion Canyon .....	524
Mexican Homes .....	323	Scouts Offer Their Services .....	366
Mexican Revolutionists .....	344	Smith, George Albert.....	1052
Mission Conference President at		Smith, Joseph Fielding .....	611
Liverpool, England .....	1124	Smoot, Senator Reed .....	165
Maori Agricultural College Cadets .....	507	Springhole Where Chief Pocatel-	
Maori Haka .....	771	lo Was Buried .....	248



	PAGE		PAGE
ILLUSTRATIONS (Continued)		ILLUSTRATIONS (Continued)	
Salt Lake Theater in Early Days....	736	Tonga Band, The .....	943
Scouts of Logan Square Branch, Chicago, Ill .....	1126	Truck, The Charging .....	606
Scout Home, Logan, Building the, .....	1000	Tree Under Which, David O. Mc- Kay and Hugh J. Cannon Stood When Dedication China .....	444
Searchlight, World's Largest.....	765	Utah Sugar Beet Crop .....	280
Signatures of Pilgrims .....	694	View, a Grand .....	927
Steele, Charles F., .....	642	Waterfall on Fire Hole River, Yellowstone .....	495
Stringham, George L., .....	1048	Watts, Blaine, Scout of Murray....	850
Talmage, Dr. James E.....	921	Wells, Emmeline B. ....	672
Taps at the Grave of Scout Mitchell .....	849	Widtsoe, Elder John A. ....	612
Temple in Hawaii .....	704, 921	"Winter Quarters" Cemetery .....	833
Teton, the Great, Wyoming .....	2	World, Into the .....	630
Taylor, Mrs. ....	322	Zion National Park Dedicated....	92
"This is the Place" .....	958		

# INDEX TO AUTHORS.

Adams, John Q.....	62, 437	Dibb, James H., .....	945
Adams Frank D. ....	508	Dobson, Will .....	65, 912
Adams, Linda Kartchner .....	702	Duckworth, James .....	546
Alder, Lydia D., .....	422, 634	Dudley, J. S., Jr. ....	128
Alldredge, Mrs. Ida R., 490, 911, 1069		Ehlers, J. Henry .....	542
Alter, J. Cecil .....	30, 301	Eldredge, Alma .....	976
Anderson, A. A. ....	214	Ferrin, Claudia May .....	217
Anderson Nephi .....	1103	Finding God in Millersville.....	110
Anderson, James H. ....	784	Fowler, Marie .....	442
Arnold, Frank R., .....	733, 916	Frost, Grace Ingles .....	29, 825, 1020
Babcock, G. Milton .....	1053	Fullmer, Paul .....	498
Baggarly, Maud .....	824	Gale, Thora .....	890
Barber, Floyd R. ....	77	Gates, Susa Young .....	718
Barlow, Ora H. ....	621, 627, 823	Gibby, Geo. E., .....	288, 334, 817
Bell, Ruth Moench .....	326	Gordon, H. F. ....	729, 1011
Belnap, Ada L. ....	979	Grant, President Heber J.....	
Bennion, Adam S. ....	880	.....	41, 259, 650, 743, 865
Bernards, G. C. ....	241	Hanson, Orelia May .....	787
Biddulph Samuel .....	824	Halls, William .....	255
Blake, Jean .....	309	Hartwell G. K. ....	595
Bluth, Agnes .....	322	Harris, Dr. F. S. ....	168
Bowers, Wreno .....	635, 980, 1068	Harris, Frank W. ....	831
Brian Douglas .....	93	Harris, Marion L., .....	1027
Brimhall, Dr. George H., .....		Hendricks, George B. ....	170
.....	52, 147, 229, 411, 533, 613, 1002	Henson, A. T. ....	626
Brimley, Wilford C. ....	257	Hewer, A. C. A. Dean, .....	818, 1092, 1118
Brossard, Dr. E. B. ....	1013	Higginson, Mollie .....	51, 340
Brown, Will H. 307, 809, 1107, 1119		Hillyard, Elona Gardner .....	541
Call, A. B. ....	344, 558	Hilton, Ruth Savage .....	805
Cannon, Hugh J. ....	443	Hodapp, Minnie I. ....	186, 626
Carroll, Elsie C., .....	23	Hogenson, J. C. ....	828
Carroll, Mrs. C. H. ....	346	Hubbard, Elbert .....	390
Chamberlain, John M. ....	834	Ipsen, Geo. A. ....	822
Chamberlin, Ralph V., .....	582, 681	Ivins, Anthony W. ....	836
Christensen, C. L. ....	516	Jacobson, Grace .....	818
Cornia, E., Virgil .....	810	Jacobson, J. Alfred .....	254
Cornwall, Claude C. ....	891	Jenson, Andrew .....	800

	PAGE		PAGE
INDEX TO AUTHORS ( <i>Continued</i> )		INDEX TO AUTHORS ( <i>Continued</i> )	
Johnson, Orville S., 391, 713, 788, 1070		Pratt, Elmer W., ..... 22, 419, 637, 821, 928	
Jespersen, Bergita ..... 819		Pratt, Rey L. .... 1018	
Jorgensen, Enoch ..... 1089		Ramseyer, A. A. .... 296	
Kay, Hyrum ..... 242		Ray, E. .... 410	
Kelly, T. R. .... 526		Ray, Charles L. .... 712	
Kleinman, Bertha A., ..... 119 300, 767		Reid, Agnes Just ..... 832	
Koch, Felix J. .... 628		Rettsloff, D. C. .... 581, 777, 820	
Kooyman, Frank I., ..... 1012		205, 238, 349, 820, 1017, 1067, 1102	
Lambourne, Alfred ..... 1, 249 523, 577, 736		Richards George F., ..... 977	
Lewis, Prof. B. Roland ..... 95		Richards L. Lula Greene ..... 185, 1001	
Lind, Lucy Goodrich ..... 823		Richards, Stephen L., ..... 199	
Lyman, Albert R., ..... 16		Riggs, Mary West ..... 193	
Madsen, Franklin ..... 346		Riter, W. W. .... 969	
Martineau, J. H. .... 640		Roberts, B. H., 482, 811, 907, 937, ..... 957, 1059	
Mathews, Matilda ..... 1028, 1114		Romney, Miles A. .... 519	
Maughn, Geo. H. .... 420		Russell, Isaac ..... 72	
McAllister, Duncan M., ..... 703		Sauls, K. B., ..... 1065	
McKay, David O., 187, 404, 769, 992		Saxenmeyer C. .... 421	
McJackson, Jane ..... 406		Shafer, Francis M., ..... 1088	
McLaughlin, Fred ..... 548		Sjodahl, J. M. .... 130, 250, 499	
Merrill, M. C. .... 491		Smuin, Ralph D., ..... 728	
Merrill, Harrison R. .... 1117		Snow, LeRoi C., ..... 1041	
Miller Dr. John T. .... 289		Snoddy, George S. .... 3	
Miller, Hugh S., ..... 595		Spring, Everett, ..... 1109	
Moore, Jamess H. .... 1024		Squires, John H., ..... 825	
Musser, Joseph B. .... 503		Steele Charles F. .... 642	
Naegle, George C. .... 796		Steele, Frank C. .... 104, 213, 252, 505, 722	
Navone Eva ..... 896		Stephens, Evan ..... 164, 431, 433, 1106	
Nelson, Prof. N. L. .... 778		Stewart George ..... 341	
Nibley, Preston ..... 698		Stott F. Earl ..... 506	
Nielsen, L. M. .... 1023		Talmage, Dr. James E., 14, 609, ..... 738, 826, 921, 1084	
Olpin, A. Ray ..... 156, 740		Tanner, Dr. Joseph M., ..... 122, 240	
Olsen, Dr. C. L. .... 292		Thornton, H. Newton ..... 66	
Orgill, Helen Kimball, ..... 808, 991		Tipton Jay Y. .... 510	
Ostler, Mary R. E. .... 935		Townsend, Joseph Longking ..... 396	
Pace, Addie Savage ..... 645		Todd, James D. .... 1085	
Pack, Dr. Frederick J. .... 218		Ursenbach, Octave F. .... 347	
Parry, Edwin F. .... 695, 797		Walton, Leon C. .... 1105	
Partridge E. D. .... 308		Wanlass W. L., ..... 335, 422	
Partridge, Raymond ..... 968		West, Alonzo ..... 622	
Pederson, N. Alvin ..... 999		West Franklin L., ..... 407	
Peery, Joseph S., ..... 39, 212 638, 717, 1058		West, Joseph A. .... 6	
Penrose, President Charles W., ..... 579, 673		Whitney C. Byron ..... 279, 671	
Peterson, Elmer G. .... 1115		Whitney, Orson F., ..... 281, 373	
Peterson, Minerva C. .... 228		Willey, Archer ..... 1025	
Peterson, Oluff ..... 639		Wilson, Mrs. .... 525	
Peterson, William Henry, 157, 398, 362		Woodruff, J. Lloyd ..... 5	
Phelps, M. W. .... 1106		Young, Dr. Seymour B ..... 120	
Pool, Mrs. E. .... 697		Young, John R. .... 793	
Porter, Elizabeth Cannon ..... 1036			
Poulsen, Ezra, J. ....			

## George Albert Smith, General Superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A.

At a meeting of the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A., attended by President Heber J. Grant, and held on Wednesday, August 31, 1921, Elder George Albert Smith, of the Council of the Twelve, was chosen to succeed President Anthony W. Ivins, of the Presidency of the Church, as general Superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. He chose as his counselors, Elders B. H. Roberts and Richard R. Lyman. Elder Ivins who has occupied the position of superintendent since Nov. 27, 1918, was released, owing to his arduous duties as Second Counselor in the First Presidency.

Elder George Albert Smith is well-known to the young people of Zion. He was born in Salt Lake City, April 4, 1870, a son of President John Henry Smith and Sarah Farr Smith. He has been a life-long worker in Church organizations. He was counselor to the superintendent, then superintendent for a number of years, of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the Salt Lake stake of Zion, before its division into four stakes. He filled a mission in the southern states in 1892-3. On June 25, 1892, he married Lucy Emily Woodruff, a grand-daughter of the late President Wilford Woodruff and Judge Elias Smith. She accompanied her husband on this mission, as she did also on the mission from which Superintendent Smith recently returned from England, and to which mission he was called in the spring of 1919. Elder Smith was chosen a member of the Council of the Twelve, October 6, 1903, and has been active in this position ever since, having not only performed many Church duties, but filled many civil positions. Elder Smith is a typical Latter-day Saint, broad-minded, active in good work, zealous in his calling, reliable, conscientious, honest, clean in person, language and action, faithful, punctual, considerate of his fellows, high and low, having confidence in God, a man who puts his soul into his work, and who is as nearly completely obedient to the laws of God as man can be upon the earth. With his experience among the young people and in the Church, he should prove an admirable director for the youth of Zion, and a worthy successor of that prince of scouts and leader of men, President Anthony W. Ivins.—A.



GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

*Elder George Albert Smith, of the Council of the Twelve who succeeds President Anthony W. Ivins as General Superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A.*



# IMPROVEMENT ERA

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## Why Fear Death?

By G. Milton Babcock

Why should we fear the departing from this life? The sons of God "shouted for joy" at the thought of leaving the mortal life! The pang of regret for the past, the grief of parting, the dread of the uncertainty and mystery of the future—all these were put aside and God's children rejoiced at the prospect of coming to this earth and obtaining bodies of flesh and bone in which their spirits might dwell and progress. Surely there was no weeping and wailing at the departure of a loved one *there*. Why should there be *here*? Why should we not feel to say, as did one good sister who died many years ago: "If you hear of my being dead, let the first thing you say be, 'Hallelujah!'"

One great man recently wrote: "Death is only another birth—a new creation. It is the stepping out of one environment into another. It is the dawning of a new day. We have been like children in the dark, 'clinging to the familiar things we call our own.' Death opens the door and lets in the sunlight. Why should we fear its beams?"

Christ taught: "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

President Brigham Young said: "All sons and daughters of Adam who live according to the best light and knowledge they have, when they go into the spiritual world, are happy in proportion to their faithfulness."

Again, he said: "If we could see things as they are, and as we shall see and understand them, this dark shadow and valley (death) is so trifling that we shall turn around and look upon it and think, when we have crossed it, why this is the greatest advantage of my whole existence, for I have passed from a state

of sorrow, grief, mourning, woe, misery, pain, anguish and disappointment into a state of existence where I can enjoy life to the fullest extent as far as that can be done without a body. My spirit is set free, I thirst no more, I tire no more, I run, I walk, I labor, I go, I come, I do this, I do that, whatever is required of me, nothing like pain or weariness, I am full of life, full of vigor and I enjoy the presence of my heavenly Father by the power of his Spirit."

Death is but a form of sleep, and we do not dread sleep. We do not fear when we close our eyes at night that we shall not greet the morn. We welcome the opportunity to rest our bodies, to relieve our minds of the cares and anxieties of the day, to "forget" ourselves for a time. Indeed, we exclaim with the Ancient Mariner, "O blessed sleep, beloved from pole to pole!"

A British officer reported that when the wounded were brought into the hospitals during the World War many of them, when about to die, asked as a last request that the children's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," be repeated. Hearing of this, "B. L. T." of the *Chicago Tribune* (who recently died) wrote the following homely lines:

#### SUNDOWN

When my sun of life is low,  
When the dewy shadows creep,  
Say for me before I go,  
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

I am at the journey's end,  
I have sown and I must reap;  
There are no more ways to mend—  
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Nothing more to doubt or dare,  
Nothing more to give or keep;  
Say for me the children's prayer,  
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Who has learned along the way—  
Primrose path or stony steep—  
More of wisdom than to say,  
"Now I lay me down to sleep"?

What have you more wise to tell  
When the shadows round me creep?  
All is over, all is well—  
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

What last word would you wish to say?

What have others said when their time came?

Socrates, the wise man of old Athens (who taught, among other principles, the pre-mortal existence and immortality of the soul), told his judges who sentenced him to drink the cup of hemlock poison: "A man who is good for anything ought not

to calculate the chance of living or dying; he ought only to consider whether in doing anything he is doing right or wrong—acting the part of a good man or a bad.” His last words were: “Crito, I owe a cock to Aesculapius; will you remember to pay the debt?” (Aesculapius was the Greek god of medicine, to whom cocks were sacrificed).

The following is told of Saladin, the great Egyptian ruler of the twelfth century:

“In his last illness, instead of his usual standard, Saladin ordered his shroud to be uplifted in front of his tent; and the herald who hung out this winding sheet as a flag was commanded to exclaim aloud, ‘Behold! this is all which Saladin, the vanquisher of the East, carries away of all his conquests.’”

The Marquis of Montrose, a Catholic condemned by certain Scotch Presbyterians to have “his head and limbs severed from his body, and to be hanged on the Talbooth at Edinburgh and in other public towns of the kingdom,” said to his executioner: “I wish that I had flesh enough to be sent to every city in Christendom, as a testimony to the cause for which I suffer.”

Sir Henry Vane, who might have escaped death by a simple apology for his denunciation of the corrupt Court of the Stuarts, exclaimed: “Ten thousand deaths for me, ere I will stain the purity of my conscience!”

In the history of our own country we have the immortal words of Lawrence: “Don’t give up the ship!” and of Nathan Hale: “I regret that I have but one life to give for my country.” Major Andre, the British spy hanged by the Americans, called on the crowd about him to testify that he died as a brave man.

And what have women said? Madam Rowland, executed by the French Revolution for which she had worked, proclaimed: “Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!” Another woman of this period, Madam de Stael, who was called “the greatest woman of her time,” and of whom it has been said, “The only person whom the great Napoleon feared,” testified just before her death, “I have loved God, my father, and my country.”

Lucretia Mott, the great Quakeress speaker and educator, who braved the wrath of the pro-slavery mobs, and who helped call the First Woman’s Suffrage Convention in this country at Seneca Falls, N. Y., in 1848, closed her eventful life with: “If you resolve to follow the Lamb wherever you may be led, you will find all the ways pleasant and the paths peace. Let me go! Do take me!”

Helen Hunt Jackson, American poetess, who died in 1885, and who spent the later years of her life in creating a sentiment for the education and Christianization of the Indians rather than their extermination, said of death only a few days before she passed away: “It is only just passing from one country to an-

other. \* \* \* My only regret is that I have not accomplished more work; especially that it was so late in the day when I began to work in real earnest. \* \* \* There is not so much difference I fancy between this life and the next as we think, nor so much barrier \* \* \*

The last conscious words of our own beloved "Aunt Em" Wells were in response to the statement "everybody loves you." She looked quizzically at the speaker with a touch of her own humorous character and said: "I hope so; if they don't, I can't help it."

History has been somewhat slow to record the last words of women, in silent tribute, perhaps, to the fact that the great majority of women have died as only Mothers of Men can die, crying "Oh, my children!"

And what have men of God had to say at their departure? David counseled his son Solomon: "I go the way of all the earth: Be thou strong, therefore, and show thyself a man; and keep the charge of the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, to keep his statutes, and his commandments, and his judgments, and his testimonies."

In what sublime language did Simeon, of Jerusalem, express his gratitude at the fulfilment of the promise that "he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ:" "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel."

Paul wrote Timothy: "The time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

The words of Stephen as he was being stoned to death: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." How like the forgiving spirit of his Master, who, as he hung on the Cross, pleaded: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Again, he said, "It is finished." Yes, his atoning sacrifice had been made. He had taken upon Him the sins of Adam and of his posterity; he had laid down a plan whereby the children of men might return to their heavenly Father and there be judged according to the deeds done in the flesh!

Nephi petitioned: "I pray the Father in the name of Christ, that many of us, if not all, may be saved in his kingdom, at that great and last day. And now, my beloved brethren, all those who are of the house of Israel, and all ye ends of the earth, I



Speak unto you, as the voice of one crying from the dust: Farewell until that great day shall come."

Moroni's departing words were: "And now I bid unto all, farewell. I soon go to rest in the paradise of God, until my spirit shall again reunite, and I am brought forth triumphant through the air, to meet you before the pleasing bar of the great Jehovah, the eternal Judge of both quick and dead."

Joseph, the Prophet of this dispensation, when he felt that his mission had come to an end, and as he was giving himself up to those who had so persistently sought his life, testified to his companions: "I am going like a lamb to the slaughter, but I am calm as a summer's morning. I have a conscience void of offense toward God and toward all men. If they take my life I shall die an innocent man, and my blood shall cry from the ground for vengeance, and it shall yet be said of me, 'he was murdered in cold blood.'" As the assassians' bullets pierced his body, he exclaimed, "My Lord! my God!"

President Brigham Young, in thought of his beloved fellow servant, called: "Joseph—Joseph—Joseph—Joseph."

In his last words to his children, President Joseph F. Smith said: "When I look around me, and see my boys and my girls whom the Lord has given to me—and I have succeeded, with his help, to make them tolerably comfortable, and at least respectable in the world—I have reached the treasure of my life, the whole substance that makes life worth living."

The following is quoted from Bacon's "Essay on Death:"

"It is worthy of observing that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death. \* \* \* Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honor aspireth to it; grief flieth to it; fear preoccupieth it; may, we read after Otho, the Emperor had slain himself, pity (which is the tenderest of affections) provoked many to die out of mere compassion to their sovereign and as the truest sort of followers. \* \* \* A man would die, though he were neither valiant nor miserable, only upon a weariness to do the same thing so oft over and over. It is no less worthy to observe how little alteration in good spirits the approaches of death make, for they appear to be the same men till the last instant. Augustus Caesar died in a compliment, 'Livia, mindful of our union, live on, and fare thee well.' Tiberius, in dissimulation as Tacitus saith of him, 'His bodily strength and vitality were now forsaking Tiberius, but not his duplicity.' Vespasian, in a jest, sitting upon a stool, 'I am become a Divinity, I suppose;' Galba, with a sentence, 'If it be for the advantage of the Roman people strike,' holding forth his neck. \* \* \* Better, saith he, 'Who reckons the close of his life among the boons of nature.' It is as natural to die as to be born."

Again I ask, What last word would you wish to say? "I have done the best I could?" or, "It is good to have lived a life of usefulness in the Church of Jesus Christ?"

In any event, let us each

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves

To that mysterious realm  
Where each shall take his place  
In the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like a quarry slave at night—  
Scourged to his dungeon;  
But, sustained and soothed, by an unfaltering trust  
Approach thy grave like one who wraps the drapery  
Of his couch about him  
And lies down to pleasant dreams."

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## Enthusiasm in Preaching

*By Joseph S. Peery*

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"He who is enthusiastic is young at eighty. He who loses his enthusiasm is old at forty." Enthusiasm in preaching, especially promotes continued youth and alertness. Good examples are President Joseph F. Smith and President Charles W. Penrose. Nothing is more pleasant than preaching the revealed gospel, and nothing is more important. In section 50, Doctrine and Covenants, the question is asked: "Unto what are you ordained?" The answer follows, "To preach my gospel by the Spirit."

The gospel message is the best and sweetest message of all ages. It lifts up and brings joy and peace. The Latter-day Saint missionary, true to his ordination, is noted for his earnestness in giving this glorious message of universal salvation. He deals with the whole world, and freely gives his glad tidings, far better than gifts of diamonds. The more he gives, the more he feels and learns and desires to give. He is in the service of the Savior of the world, and his compensation is the Spirit of the Lord. He feels exquisite joy when he can get even one soul to listen to the words of eternal life. He knows that it means so much for that soul. He so wants that child of God to realize his royal parentage and glorious destiny, if only he will yield obedience to divine will. Time and fatigue are nothing in comparison with the fulfilment of the elder's mission. He is enthusiastic with his love for his brother's salvation. Though his hair may whiten in this unselfish service, his enthusiasm keeps him young and eager to continue forever in giving that which has lifted his own thoughts and feelings to sublime heights. Such enthusiasm in the good cause will continue into the next life. However, he does not have to wait for his reward, as continually he receives heavenly happiness. He has the joy of the spirit that Tennyson praises, "What joys can equal those that stir the spirit's inner deeps!"

Is it worth while to "bring glad tidings of good things?" Yes, above everything else, John Whitmer was told, and every enthusiastic Latter-day Saint elder realizes the same.

# Qualifications in Leadership\*

*By Brigham H. Roberts, of the First Council of Seventy*

I could almost wish that the statement of Brother Ivins about the subject of this talk being of my own choosing were strictly accurate, but in a gathering of this sort, it is the gathering that really determines the subject that I shall attempt to consider in your presence. Where we have gathered together as we have here practically all the superintendents from all the stakes of Zion in the Church—a gathering not only of leaders, but of leaders of leaders, there can be only one subject that is paramount, and that is, of course, leadership. I do not use the term leaders of leaders in any merely complimentary way; I refer to it as a fact; for just the least consideration will convince you that it is a fact. You are the superintendents in your respective stakes. That, I think, makes it very clear that we have gathered around these tables the leaders of leaders in the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association work; and therefore I think it not only suggests but compels the consideration of leadership.

I am going to discuss very briefly the elements of leadership. I take it that it will go without saying that the leaders are at least men of above average intelligence; it doubtless was that fact that marked them all and suggested and impelled their selection as leaders.

With that conceded, the next great element of leadership, is mental alertness. I have learned by some experience that it is not enough that you have gas in the receptacle of your auto, and that you have oil, and that you have the electricity supplied, but you have got to press the button and bring in contact your gas and electricity in order to get your explosions, which give you the motive power. So I am going to say to you that it is not enough that you recognize, and that those who labor under you as leaders be recognized as men above average intelligence, but you have got to have that intelligence plus action, plus alertness—mental activity. You cannot get along with a leadership that is mentally lazy; it has got to be mentally alert. I appreciate the fact that I am just dealing with commonplaces, and that you have considered all these matters that I now name,

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\*An address delivered to the Y. M. M. I. A. superintendents of stakes, at the June, 1921, conference, Salt Lake City.



and that I may name further on, but we are so made up that once in a while we need to pass these things in review, and that is what I am trying to do in these few moments that I speak to you—to awaken recollection of these commonplace things in your minds. So now, remember, that one of the elements of leadership is mental alertness.

Following that I would say that another element of leadership is moral straightness. We have gone by the time, if it ever existed, when mere precept, or the mouthings of mere precept, is sufficient in the leadership of men. It is no longer competent to say, Do as I suggest, and pay no attention to what I do. The man who is going to be a real leader, and especially in great moral movements, has got to be a man who practices his own precepts. To paraphrase a little the language of Shakespeare's Ophelia, when she speaks to her brother, who has just been giving her some good advice. Then she turns upon him:

\* \* \* \* \* But good my brother  
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,  
Show me the steep and thorny ways to heaven  
Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,  
Himself the primrose of dalliance treads  
And regards not his own councils.

So with us, we may not take the course denounced by Ophelia. We have got to practice what we preach. People have an awkward, but a very good habit of assessing the value of pulpit precept by the test of personal example. So in matters of leadership, there has got to be moral soundness; and men must put over in the practices of their lives the things they advise, and that the institution they represent stands for. I think we must take that home very seriously, *viz.*, that in leadership we must regard moral soundness, the straight life, the walking of the straight path from which we may not turn aside—as of prime importance.

The next element in leadership is spiritual power. Every man who has given thought to the matter of leadership at all and has come up against (as I take it we all have) the problems in leadership, knows very well that some of those problems that his leadership is required to overcome are beyond his own unaided strength, and he has to rely upon God for help. Somehow or other, he needs God to seek out his own strength. He must appeal to a source of strength that is higher and above his own, that is stronger than he is, a wisdom that understands the problems and that can be made available in solving them. The true leader has got to have access to God; and God-power has got to be a reality in his life, so that when he finds his own strength

failing, he can stretch forth his own hand and feel the grip of the hand of God and the helpfulness of it. The leadership that does not contemplate that as entering into his administration as a factor, has not yet touched the very great secret of successful leadership. We have got to come to acknowledge it and live all the while in the consciousness of it, that God is our helper, and remember the words of the Christ above all things, when he said to those messengers and witnesses of his that he was going to send out to carry the gospel of Jesus Christ abroad, "Without me ye can do nothing." He emphasized that on another occasion, by calling attention to the fact that the relationship of these authorized disciples of his, and of all his disciples, is the relationship of the branch to the vine. We all know what happens to the branch when it is once cut from the vine; it withers and dies; it brings forth neither leaf nor fruit; men gather it up and it is fit only for the burning. And so men who fail to connect their life of leadership with the life of God, and who fail to unite the spiritual power that comes from conscious union with God to their work of leadership, will fail. We can only succeed through spiritual power, maintained by a close union with God.

The next element of leadership is love for the purpose for which the leadership exists. In this case—speaking now to M. I. A. workers and leaders—it is the love of the boy. The objective of the Mutual Improvement work is the making of men. Your raw material is the boy. The purpose is to so direct his life and his activities that you will make of the boy a man; a man in the fullest sense of the word; the man that is recognized as the good citizen, the man that is recognized as the good father, the man that is recognized as the good Christian. This is our objective: to develop the boys of our generation into the men of the next generation that shall stand responsible before God for family life of their generation, for citizenship of their generation, for the Christian manhood of their generation. And now then, in order to attain success in this work of leadership, we must love the boy, and we are not going to succeed unless we do love him.

A very homely lesson on this subject came to me indirectly through the late President Joseph F. Smith. While presiding in the Southern mission, many years ago, and when I was a young man of but twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, and having about one hundred elders laboring in that field, a man was sent to us, to fill a mission in the south. It was Brother Sidney Teebles, of Holden, Millard county. He related the incident to me that constitutes the lesson I refer to. Calling upon President Joseph F. Smith, with whom he was personally

acquainted and who was his friend, he deplored having been called upon this mission, and told President Smith if it had only been a call to work in his life work, the care of herds of sheep, bands of horses, or herds of cattle and calves, then he felt very certain that he could have accomplished something in it; but to be called to preach the gospel was something for which he felt himself entirely unfitted. President Smith remarked to him, "Brother Teebles, when you can learn to love men as dearly as you now love stock calves, you can succeed in preaching the gospel. That is the secret of success in missionary work, and I am persuaded, also, in leadership—to love the purpose that you are working at, the objective at which you aim; and in this case, it is the love of boyhood that is going to be one of the chief factors in the success of your leadership.

And love him—the boy—I pray you, not just for what he is now, but love him for the possibilities that are in him, and that you may develop out of him. The Christ gave as the great and first commandment this, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. \* \* \* And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." So the whole law of God resolves itself into this great principle, love of God and love of fellow man. Well, that part of it which deals with the love of God is very easy of attainment, it seems to me, because you have only got to know God, to get acquainted with him, to know him as you may know him through Jesus Christ, and it is an easy matter to love God as you see him revealed through Jesus Christ; but when you turn to men, and you are required to love them, that is another story. What! love man, with as great failings as he possesses, such great sin and wickedness sometimes, so many contemptible characteristics! Love him, down in the mire, in the mud where he is so disgusting, so treacherous, so unworthy even of the title of man; love him! Yes, that is possible when you learn to look at man as God looks at him, and that is not in the light of what he is now, in his weak and fallen state, but what he may become when God puts his power upon him and his life is connected up with the life of God, until there is accomplished union between that poor, weak man and God, and he begins to feel the thrill of God's life in him, until he begins to rise up and respond to the call of his Father in his soul and begins to develop the nobility that is latent even in the weakest and humblest of men. And so if you will learn to look upon men and boys in the light of their possibilities, what they may become through the ages, you can love men and boys though many of them at present are very undesirable characters, and fill one with disgust if you contemplate them closely. You



can learn to love them in the light of their possibilities, we are called upon to stretch out our hands and seek to save them.

But when it comes to our boys, we are confronted with no such difficulty as some men may present to us, because here we have boys that call forth our love and our confidence, and who will quickly respond to our efforts, and it will be easy to love them, especially when you think of what they may become under wise and inspired guidance.

Well now, these are a few of the elements of leadership that have occurred to me. The question has come to my mind, Have we such leadership as includes these elements that I have spoken of? In the main, I think we have. There may be cases where there are misfits, but in many of those cases may we not hope that we can make such corrections, may give such admonitions, and point out the way by which the qualities of leadership may be developed by those who may at the present time be somewhat deficient in the elements of leadership herein considered. I take it that all of us can improve by intensifying and emphasizing these elements of leadership in ourselves. I think we can. If, however, there should exist under your administration—and now I include in my thought, of course, your counselors and the members of your respective stake boards, and all the presidents of your associations—if you find there are hopeless cases, where there are constitutional defects as to leadership, such as we may not hope to overcome by admonition and instruction, then it becomes our duty to rid ourselves of that much timber, and bring into the work such young men that we can hope so to improve as to make our leadership efficient. But I am one who believes that it is quite possible, in the main, to so bring to pass repentance and effort along the lines of leadership, that we can practically hold the present leadership in our work to the line, and get the results that are desired.

Let me here emphasize by an anecdote the matter of leadership as I have so far presented it. I can remember from my boyhood reading of a work now obsolete, *Rollin's Ancient History*, a story about Cyrus, the founder of the Medio-Persian empire. He was called to the head of the Persian army when he was but twenty years of age, and he was to take this army into Media and join it with the Median forces, and so begin his great conquests in the world. His father, Cambyzes, rather concluded to have a "father and son's outing" out of this expedition, and so the old gentleman rode along at the head of the army, with the young commander; and one day, as they were separated from the staff, riding along, old Cambyzes said to his son, in substance,—My son, it will be necessary for you to make this army believe that you are the most alert man in camp; that you are first to awaken, that you are the last to retire; that you know

more about the science of war than any of your staff—any of your subordinate commanders. It is necessary for you to make them believe that you know clearly the objectives that you are aiming at, and that you also make them believe that you know the means you are employing will be adequate to attain the objectives; and you must impress with the conviction that you are superior to all other men connected with this great expedition. All this in greater detail than I have time to follow. After he got through the admonition there was a silence, and after a while the young commander said: "Father, how can I make them believe all that of me?" And the father's answer is golden: "By being all that!" I think very likely it is from that circumstance that we get the old motto—I forget the Latin phrase of it, but it is this in English—and I give it to you as your slogan in leadership—"To be, rather than to seem." You must *be* the leader. And you must be the leader by developing all these great elements of leadership, to which I have called your attention.

Carlyle, in his *Heroes and Hero Worship*, discusses this very interesting program: He calls attention to the fact that there are a set of thinkers who say that it is "opportunity," "the times," that call for a man, and the opportunity of the times develops the hero or leader—he is merely a "true child of the times." Then he goes on to say that he can pick out times that have called for their hero, for their leader, but the leader did not come. And in the discussion he rather inclines to the notion that it is the hero that creates the opportunities; that he brings to pass the conditions. Now there is much to be said, perhaps, on both sides of that controversy, but that need not concern us, for this reason, that the "times" with us are constant in our work, and the call is continuous. The problem of the boy is an everlasting problem; it never passes out of existence; he is always here. When the youth of this present day passes on to the men and to the men of middle age, his place is just as rapidly taken up by the incoming boy, and so it keeps our problem of the boy constantly before us. The opportunity for leadership with respect to him is always present. And now if we can only join the two, this ever present opportunity, and this ever-continuous call for efficient leadership, there will always be a job, and always men to do the job. Now then, are we the men, and will we take note of the great opportunity that is continuously before us?

My brethren, and fellow leaders, in this great cause of ours, it is hardly necessary for me to admonish you to diligence, to a determined effort to attain unto efficiency in leadership, and to gather inspiration from the occasion of this conference, to go back to our work as strengthened leaders of leaders. God bless you all. Amen.

# College Training for Business

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*By K. B. Sauls, B. S., Secretary to the President, Brigham Young University*

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"The President of the Illinois Manufacturing Association, Mr. Hastings, tells of a stockholder who, from his own office window, seeing a department manager of the Standard Oil Company, a man who was drawing a five-figured salary, standing with his hands in his pockets gazing out upon the street, day after day, finally felt it his duty to notify the acting head of the company about it.

"The official merely smiled: 'Mr. Jones,' he finally replied, addressing the stockholder, 'I sincerely thank you for the interest you have shown in the maintenance of our efficiency. I appreciate the fact that, from your window, Mr. Smith appears every bit as idle as you say.

"'But from your window it is impossible for you to see what is going on inside of Mr. Smith's head. My experience with Mr. Smith has been such that I know it would be highly profitable to this company to hire a dozen other similar Smiths if we could get them and pay them similarly large salaries to stand with their hands in their pockets, looking out of their windows and thinking thoughts as valuable as those which Mr. Smith thinks and crystallizes.'"

The most difficult men for large business interests to locate today are the \$10,000 and up executives. One of our own Utah companies recently spent much time and money trying to locate just such a man. There are plenty of clerks, stenographers, and bookkeepers, but men with executive ability, capable of properly guiding the interests and destinies of the gigantic industrial enterprises of the twentieth century, are at premium. Business has tried all kinds of methods and schemes, including astrology, phrenology, palmistry, character analysis, physical and mental tests, to locate men capable of taking hold of the work which the present executives must sooner or later leave, but a college education supplemented by a period of more intensive training in the particular business one expects to follow has proved to be the most satisfactory method of producing executives.

Scientific management in business is very recent and the importance of a college training for this field is just being realized. Each year now, sees the addition of hundreds of volumes



to our business literature. These books are the result of extensive scientific investigations in the business field, and people recognize that college offers the cheapest, quickest, and most satisfactory method of acquiring the important facts from this vast fund of information.

Our first book on business was not written until 1867, while as late as 1900—only twenty-one years ago—there were but 47 books on the subject. Since that time they have increased very rapidly, until today there are probably 20,000 volumes on the various phases of the subject. The growth of business schools of collegiate rank has likewise been very rapid. In 1908 six of the leading universities, which were maintaining schools of business, reported a total registration of only about 800 students. In the following ten years this number grew to over 8,000 in the same six schools, showing the rapidity with which the world is recognizing the importance of college training for business.

Of course, it is true that a young college graduate is not prepared immediately to occupy the desk of manager or some other executive position in a large business house, but at the same time business men recognize that he has passed through a long process of "intellectual weeding" and has a thorough grounding in the fundamental principles which, with a little intensive training in the particular business which he expects to follow, will make of him a very capable man for an executive position. This is the ploy now followed by many companies in providing for their future executives.

The Westinghouse Electric Manufacturing Company, of East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, for a number of years has maintained a company school for the training of their future executives. Practically every man admitted to this training school has been a college graduate; over 2,500 graduates of technical schools having been admitted during the past sixteen years. Representatives of the company each year visit the leading technical institutions with which relations have been established, where promising candidates in the senior class are interviewed upon the recommendation of the faculty, fellow classmates, and especially of the men in the company's training school who knew these applicants as under-classmen during their own college careers.

These young men begin at about twenty cents an hour and their period of graduate training covers about one year, during which time they pass through every department doing the actual work of the departments. Here they get the workman's point of view, and—an experience which proves especially valuable to them as managers—have an opportunity to "make good" with

many different foremen and managers. This experience in the shop is supplemented by the class training offered by the educational department. Each student reports for a three-hour recitation period each week at which time subjects such as general machine-shop practice, special processes of manufacturing, cost and pay systems, labor conditions, and methods of handling orders and materials with which he has just been dealing at first hand in the shop, are discussed systematically. It is estimated that over one-half of the company's leading officials to-day are college men who came up through this training school.

The young man who expects to achieve any noteworthy success in business today is taking a much longer and harder road when he chooses one which is not via a college education.  
*Provo, Utah*

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## Autumn

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Hazy mists hang o'er the valley,  
Smoky veils the mountains hide;  
Ripened fruits and yellow sunflowers,  
Gorgeous tints on every side.

Silv'ry frost gleams on the meadow,  
In the light of early morn,  
Like the gold in sands of ocean  
Peep the ears from shocks of corn.

In the stubble, quails are calling,  
Cooing doves are whispering low,  
Bees have stopped their honey storing  
And oaks are feeding mistletoe.

Crows caw from the blasted cedar,  
Ants are hurrying here and there;  
Housewives to their jams and jellies  
Give an extra thought and care.

Southward fly the birds of Summer,  
Chilly winds sweep o'er the lea;  
Bringing messages from Winter  
To each bud and leaf and tree.

Spring and Summer bring their gladness  
Bluest skies and greenest sod;  
But Autumn heaps the ripened fruitage  
And crowns the year with Golden Rod.

*San Diego, Calif.*

*D. C. Retsloff*

# Glimpses of Nature

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*By Wreno Bowers*

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Sitting on a fallen log in Hoyt's Canyon, I was watching the sunrise on Hoyt's Peak—the sunrise of a spring morning. The great book of nature was open before me and I was slowly turning the leaves. The canyon gorge resounded with a multitude of strange, passionless melodies, tinkling from afar like little waterfalls that babble down the mountain side, and ringing close at hand, like the high strains of the piccolo.

On the surrounding flat a great largess of wild flowers raised their faces to the sun. Out above the timber line, in every opening between the drifts, the blue of the forget-me-nots contrasted with the pure gold of the alpine buttercups and the white of the marsh marigolds. The columbine and the harebell lifted shy heads in the timber, and the crimson of the painted cups flamed in relief against the silvery aspen trunks at the fringe of open parks. The shooting stars gladdened the glades with gold and the fire-weed splashed the hills with pink of coral. But over all dominated the wild rose, dancing everywhere and flinging its perfume to the joyful breeze.

All these things formed only a sitting or background for the wild life near by. The spotted breast of an Aubudon hermit thrush gleamed in the early sunlight at the spire of a tall, white balsam. A red-shafted flicker called out his "Wic-a-wac," his wooing song, from the forest. Then out of the tree-tops he flashed and hurtled past in a strong, bounding flight. A number of mountain chickadees flew about in the quaking-aspens, singing their bright little whistling songs. A humming bird was taking his morning's bath in the big dewdrops on the flowers—a tiny gem bathing in dewdrop jewels. A red-squirrel sat on a pine branch pouring down the wrath of squirrel heaven on all creation. At a distance the little friendly chipmunk sat motionless on his favorite stump, his coat blending perfectly with the sunshine and the wonderful forest colors. Log-cocks were drumming, kingfishers clattering, thrushes chiming their silver bells—everywhere animal life flourished.

As I sat there marveling at the wonderful profusion of spring riot before me, and at the wild life that swarmed about me, my eye caught a movement across the canyon. At first I could make out only a great fulvous form coming straight towards me.

I dropped to cover behind the log. Presently I could make out an individual elk coming at a wonderful trot—head high, muzzle up, ears alert to catch the slightest warning of any danger that may lurk in the shadows. He came on swiftly, magnificently, straight on towards the cover behind which I crouched with nerves thrilling as at a cavalry charge,—till he came to a small cliff. There he stopped for a moment and stood gazing across the narrow canyon—alert, motionless, a living statue glinted in the bright sunshine.

As I watched him, it swept over me suddenly that the big wilderness would be incomplete without him. Gradually a change came over me and I wanted to hunt him, not for his life, but for himself, to learn all about him. Never before had an elk seemed so great, so strong, so wonderful as did he standing there like a statue on the cliff, and coming across the mountain-side at his splendid trot—always strong, noble, magnificent in his freedom and loneliness, a perfect emblem of the great, lonely, magnificent wilderness.

Finally he turned to the west and started at his wonderful trot again, and kept on steadily along the mountain-side until he vanished among the shadows of the pines.

*Kamas, Utah*

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## Fatherhood

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All people render homage  
To the mothers of the race.  
Each child can feel a mother's love,  
For none can fill her place;  
But what about true fatherhood,  
So noble, kind, yet strong—  
The father who each day toils on,  
Just where does he belong?

True motherhood means life and love,  
A home and all things dear;  
A mother labors day by day  
To serve her children here:  
But who is always by her side  
To comfort and to cheer?  
Would home mean what it does to us  
Without a father dear?

Fail not to honor motherhood,  
Love mother more each day,  
For she will always be your friend  
Through all life's rugged way;  
But don't forget the weary hours  
Your father toils for you;  
He labors without thought of self  
Because he loves you, too.

*Mesa, Arizona*

*Ida R. Alldredge*



# Old Southpaw

*By Orville S. Johnson*

Sandy sat in the doorway of his tent and watched the sheep restlessly wandering about upon the "bedground." It was dusk, and Sandy was tired with having followed the sheep all day. But worse than bodily tired, he was lonesome.

It had been two weeks since he had seen anybody, and almost ten months since he had seen anything but sheep, coyotes, big dusky moths, their cousins, the butterflies, a few birds, and miles and miles of rolling hills and flats covered with scrub pines, cedars and sage. Both kinds of sage were there, the bitter variety, and that known to sheepmen as white sage which is excellent feed for sheep.

There was something rather undecided in his manner, as he arose and began slowly to pace the distance around the outer edge of the herd. He was thinking deeply, and there could be no doubt about what he was thinking of. As he walked slowly he stopped, ever and anon, to gaze into the distance. He was watching for the boss. He had watched for him in this same manner for six days and nights, and so many disappointments were beginning to tell upon his "nerve."

He was not afraid, but he was lonesome. And, being but barely matured, he could hardly be expected to appear joyous while in that state. And being fifty miles from a home containing a family was not exactly a hindrance to the feeling that constantly kept growing.

As he finished his walking, he sat down once more to meditate. It was too dark to see very far, but it was just the right time to hear well. Far out upon a knoll an owl was frightening the smaller animals with its ghostly hooting; and farther still, but coming closer and closer, a series of dismal howls told of a band of coyotes out hunting.

Sandy shivered, but not with fear or cold. It was more with a certain dread. He dreaded the night, with its million sounds. He was not afraid of those voices of the night, but they seemed to be lonely like him. And that made him feel worse.

As it grew darker, he mechanically made a fire. He seemed to perform that simple task more as a duty, than as a necessity, for after the blaze became bright and warm, he returned to his seat in the doorway. He made no effort to prepare a meal, for

he was not bodily hungry. Had there been another man there, however, he would have feasted in quite another way. That was what he hungered for—companionship.

His face brightened for a tiny moment, as a star tumbled from its hiding place, and left a fiery trail behind. It reminded him that the Fourth of July was but five days off. Independence day had a double meaning to him.

Patriotism was directly in his line, but not so much as love. And he loved with a much more fervent devotion a certain girl, than he did his country. It was probably because he had never had cause to show as much love for country, as for the girl. And it had been Independence day when he had told his love. And the wedding was planned for the time when a home would be prepared for the bride, and some money laid aside in order that a honeymoon might be enjoyed.

No one but the lovers knew of this, however, and they knew it well enough for all. It was the remembrance of that other Fourth that had brought the light into Sandy's face. But afterward came the rebound. At first it was the tendency of a firm chin to quiver, and a certain pair of eyes tried manfully to keep back the tears. But they failed. And then came the deluge. It was a deluge of emotions that shook his whole being for a few minutes, and then the storm slowly subsided and left him calm and ready to go to bed. But first he made one more trip around the now quiet herd to make sure that no sheep were wandering off. He returned satisfied and entered the tent, sat down upon the hard bed and removed his shoes. They were the only part of his clothing he removed, so he was soon in bed.

He did not care particularly for sleep, but it was a quick way to kill time, if he could only manage it right. Sometimes of late, however, he had had a difficult time coaxing the dreams to come his way. And it seemed harder than ever this night.

For sometimes he kept his eyes tightly closed. But it grew tiresome to hold them so, and after several attempts he began to cease to try to keep them so. He tried to keep his thoughts upon the work of the following day. That of getting the sheep to the best feed. But it was useless for him to try for they insistently reverted back to loneliness. And then his throat got hard and his body began to shake as though shaken by some unseen hand. But it was only sobs. And then after a long time, so it seemed to him, he forgot to sob or think, but began to dream.

Those dreams must have been strange. But they could do no harm other than tire an already tired mind. And he kept muttering in his sleep, and the listening dog would sometimes growl way down in his throat, as he, with the help of a kind

God, kept guard over the herd. And finally only God was watching, for even a dog must have some sleep.

As daylight began to arrive, Sandy awoke. He was not exactly refreshed, but he was glad that the night was gone. The first thing he did was to feed Spitz. And then he ate some breakfast himself. He ate more from a sense of necessity than from any desire for food. It seemed to him that about the only satisfaction he got from eating was that of knowing he would be able to follow the sheep without getting faint. And then, after eating, he stirred up the sheep, and with the help of Spitz he started them toward the part of the country he had decided upon as their day's feeding grounds.

Sandy followed the herd, or led it as necessity demanded, all through the long hours of daylight. Sometimes he would sit upon a knoll watching an unusually lively bunch of leaders bite off the tender shoots of sage. Or at other times he would lazily watch a large number huddling beneath the cool shade of a scrub pine or cedar. Then as dusk began to turn the heavens to bright colors, he drove the herd onto their sleeping ground, and once more sat in the doorway.

The day had been like a hundred others he had experienced. But there was something different about the evening.

At first he thought it was only a certain restlessness of the sheep. And then he laid it to the dog, that kept trotting restlessly from knoll to knoll looking out over the rolling hills, and sniffing the air uncertainly. And after reaching camp, and the sheep had quieted down, and after Sandy had about decided it was time to start a fire Spitz suddenly bounded away toward a distant cloud of dust that was barely visible in the dusk. And then the boss came.

It would be quite impossible to analyze Sandy's feelings, but one thing is certain, they were joyous. And then he asked the boss so many questions that it was almost morning before they went to bed.

The boss had had some trouble in driving a small bunch of old sheep from town out to the dipping vat. And then he had lost them or part of them in another herd, and this had caused delay, and tomorrow and next day would see the finish of the job, and Sandy could, for his good work, have three holidays, beginning the day before the Fourth.

It was quite impossible for Sandy to express his joy, but the boss understood, and the next morning Sandy awoke feeling that the world was the best place to be in, after all.

All that day he planned many schemes to see his sweetheart without arousing the suspicion of anyone in regard to his wanting to take her out, until he discovered from her whether or not



she had another partner. For it was understood between them that it would be best for both to undergo a little jealousy and mix with others of their friends in order to avert suspicion, and make more sure the complete surprising of everybody.

He finally found a plan whereby he hoped to interest her mother. And then on the side he could learn all he wished. Thus, had one known his purpose, he would not have wondered what he intended to do with certain pretty shells and pebbles that he put into his pockets. And so all day he planned and was happy. And at night the lonely feeling was still low. And the hoot of owls and howls of coyotes failed to arouse it fully. But he missed Spitz when a puma began to mournfully rail at some misfortune that had come its way. But Spitz was more valuable to the boss helping with the small bunch of old sheep, than to Sandy with the main herd. Still Sandy felt that somehow he would be glad if Spitz were with him. But he had a good night, and was still happy the next morning.

All morning he expressed his feelings in different ways. Sometimes he would feel a surge of joy coming on and would race down a long gradual incline with huge bounds of pleasure. At other times he would be thoughtful and would think about the girl. Then his face would take on a tender expression, and his eyes would shine with anticipated joy. And once or twice the thought of what about the boss not getting back, crossed his mind. But he strongly put it aside for more pleasant ones. The boss would not fail. It would be impossible for him to. And yet what if he should! His heart beat to that rhythm—what-if-he-should, and even the trees seemed to sway by that same meter. But noon came and doubt was not present as strongly as assurance.

Dusk slowly painted the sky with a sunbeam brush. It put in all the colors that Sandy had ever seen. The sheep began to slowly work toward their nightly haunt. And doubt began to grow. He had looked out all day along the hard beaten trail, but no sign of a traveler had he seen.

And then after the sheep were again restlessly moving about upon their bed-ground, and after night had begun to draw the dark mantle over the bright painting of dusk, Sandy sat once more in the doorway of his tent thinking.

The owl out upon the knoll hooted louder than ever before, it seemed, and the long dismal howl or the coyotes seemed the most lonely sound ever heard. And then the puma began to mournfully protest against a certain thing that could not be analyzed, and Sandy once more wished for Spitz.

As it began to grow darker, and the fire was again lighting the place, and the big dusky moths began to come into the circle

of light and sometimes right into the fire, Sandy began to have thoughts with more doubt than assurance in them. And then he began to breathe harder and with greater effort. Once it seemed to him that the cry of the puma was getting nearer, but he made no move toward the place where his gun rested. He only sat in the doorway and thought bitter, bitter thoughts.

How he hated sheep. Once he even went so far as to think that he would give up the girl in order to get away from sheep. But he could not bring all of him to agree upon this. And debating upon whether or not he would leave the herd and start to walk the next morning, he slowly, and almost painfully, began his last nightly look at the position of the herd.

He meant it to be a short one; but the longing in his heart was too great. He went to a small knoll and sat down to listen. The cry of the panther sounded very near, but only half of him heard it. He was not listening for such a cry. He was listening for hoof-beats, upon a hard beaten trail, and he could not hear them. And then he wept. Silently for awhile, and then he slowly gave way to those body shaking sobs of disappointed youth, that seem to have no beginning nor end, but just keep coming and going in a ceaseless circle of anguish. And the puma came closer to the quiet herd.

Sandy did not know how long he had been upon the knoll. But it seemed a long, long time to him, after he started toward the tent and the almost dying fire. He gave the fire more fuel, and entered the tent intending to go to bed. But after his shoes had been removed it seemed impossible to lie down. He sat upon the edge of the hard bed and thought of all the bitter experiences he had ever had. He could think of none that in any way compared with the present one. He believed that he would be willing to live his whole life over again and take chances on its coming out as well as it had done to get away from that moment. But the moment had him in its grip, and seemed to intend to crush him.

And then some power seemed to take pity upon him. His mind rushed to meet the mad crowding and pushing of the sheep. For the puma had arrived. Sandy's heart beat fast with excitement, and he forgot everything but the joy of battle! He knew it was a panther as soon as he saw the sheep, way back in the moonlight, parting into two bunches, crowding in opposite directions.

He seized his gun, and began quietly, and without any more disturbance of the sheep at his end than possible, to work toward the panther which he knew was there but which dust and many sheep were hiding. And then a tiny breeze blew the dust past and the moon shone her brightest, and he could see the

panther coming toward him, its huge paws sweeping a trail, and at the same time strewing it with dead and unconscious sheep. Sandy's aim was only fairly good, and a wild screech, and a mighty bound showed that the puma was not to be killed instantly by the first bullet. He was hit and was ready to fight, but he did not know what to fight yet, except the sheep, and Sandy knew that the poor sheep would pay dearly for that bad shot unless he could quickly remedy it, and that mysterious power that writers call "just as" came again, and as little later he dragged the lifeless body of the best warrior of American animals into the circle of fire-light. And then returned to the task of quieting the sheep.

It was not such a hard task, for the poor things seemed to put much confidence in him, and were soon ready to be left alone again. Sandy noted that there were not such a great number of dead ones. And he congratulated himself upon being fairly quick.

Back at the fire he began an examination of the kill. He turned the huge, supple body over, and then blew a long ejaculative whistle. Upon the right front leg was a tiny length of chain. And then he sat down and began to sharpen his knife. It was a pleasant task to sharpen a knife to skin such a magnificent beast, and Sandy thoroughly enjoyed it until the novelty of having killed a noted murderer began to wear off, and the stars and moon began to look lonely and far away.

They were for a light to see into the eyes of love, not for companions to a lonely shepherd. And then the bitter thoughts began to come back. But he held to his task manfully and to test the sharpness of the knife he took up a huge leg and gently pushed the blade through the tough skin. It would work. And as Sandy laid the whetstone down upon a nearby log, a joyous bark set his heart to pounding joyously. And then the boss rode up.

When he saw what had happened he dismounted excitedly and began to examine the big body. He too whistled.

"You lucky boy. It's Old Southpaw, and there's fifteen hundred dollars for his scalp."

And Sandy stared a surprise, and began to skin the puma to the tune of, "There's a little spark of love still burning."





*A section of the Utah Agricultural College Campus, where fifteen hundred citizens of Utah played for four days as guests of the Institution. The tower of the Main Building is seen through the trees.*

# Entertaining the Farmers of an Entire State

How the Utah Agricultural College Cemented the Ties that Bind it to the Country Side

*By D. E. Robinson, of the Utah Agricultural College*

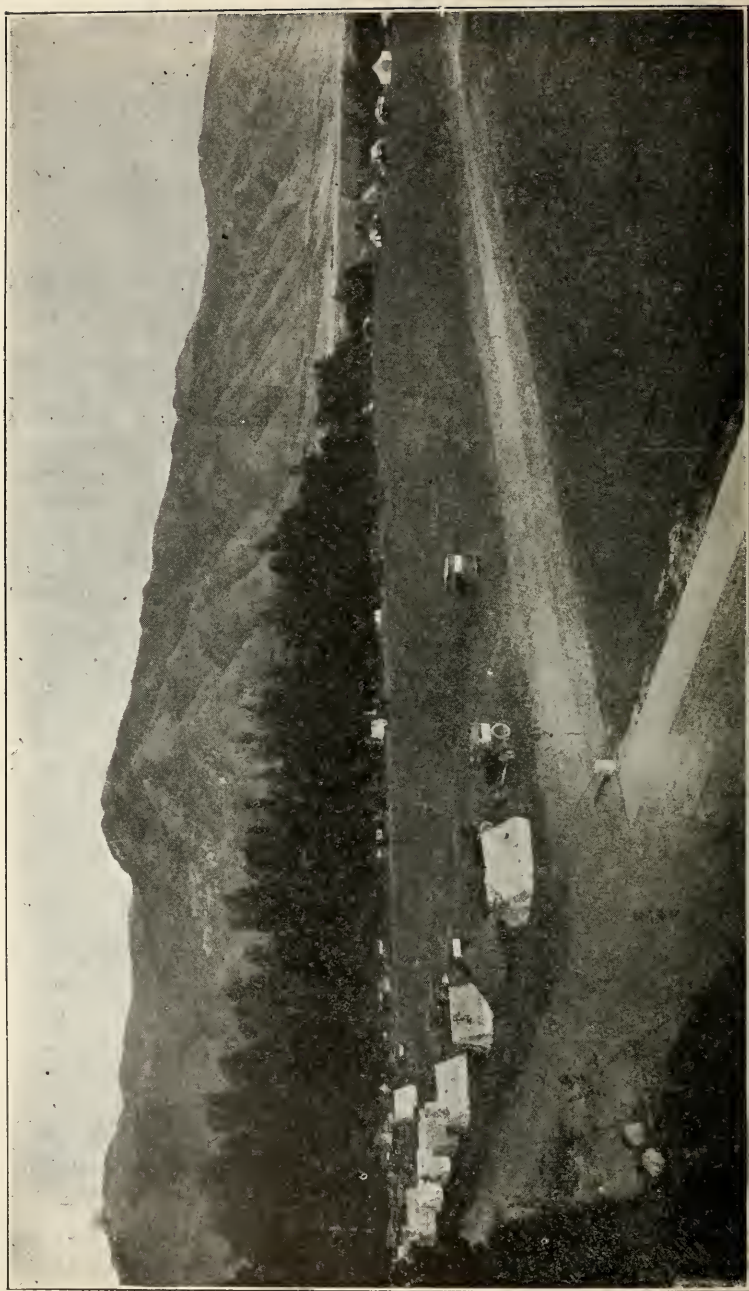
This year the Utah Agricultural College revised its slogan, "The whole state is the Campus of the U. A. C." to read, "The U. A. C. Campus is the Playground for the Whole State."

From August 2 to 5 the College entertained nearly fifteen hundred farmers, farmers' wives and farmers' children at the first annual summer encampment. The encampment was under the auspices of the Extension Division of the College. The farm bureaus of nearly every county of Utah, with their county agents, co-operated and did much to make the outing a success.

The idea was this—to bring as many farmers to the College, which is located in Logan, Cache county, Utah, as possible—to let them camp on the grounds—to afford them full opportunities



*Making wagons, aeroplanes and tool boxes while their mothers and fathers are, as one enthusiastic farmer expressed it, "Having a second honeymoon."*



*Part of the Camping ground on the U. A. C. Campus where the farmers and their families lived while attending the farmers' summer encampment.*



for play—to put on special exhibits and demonstrations for their instruction—and to conduct a few interesting assemblies at which nationally famous speakers would appear on the program. It was hoped by this means to give the farmers and their families a pleasant vacation and to give them a more complete understanding of the Utah Agricultural College and its work.

The encampment was a wonderful success. Nearly fifteen hundred visitors accepted the invitation of the college to romp on the campus. They enjoyed every minute of the four days there and went home only after requesting a similar opportunity next year. The visitors came from every corner of the



*A group of special guests of the Encampment sampling butter milk provided by the Department of Dairy Husbandry. Left to right—President Elmer G. Peterson, of the U. A. C.; Governor Charles R. Mabey of Utah; Attorney General Cluff of Utah; Secretary of State Crockett of Utah, and Hon. C. P. Cardon, member of the Board of Trustees of the U. A. C.*



*Two hundred of the visitors stopped in their play for a minute during the "Fun Hour" to have their pictures taken.*



*A group visiting the College Dairy to see a demonstration in butter making.*

state. Some motored nearly four hundred miles, and took two days to make the trip.

Each day was filled with entertaining events. The program for Wednesday, August 3, is typical.

6:30 a. m.—All out.

6:30—7:30—Dress and swim (The college pool was at the disposal of the visitors).

7:00—8:00—Breakfast at the College Cafeteria. (Some families cooked over camp fires.)

8:00—9:00—Livestock judging contest.

8:30—10:15—Tour of grounds and buildings.

10:15—12:00—General assembly.

12:00—1:00 p. m.—Dinner at cafeteria.

1:00—6:00—For the men—An auto excursion to the College Experiment farms.

For the women—Open air meetings at which were discussed health standards, child psychology, music for the home, and recreation for the family.

6:00—7:00—Swimming. Supper at cafeteria.

7:30—8:30—The fun hour—dancing, games, singing.

8:30—A get acquainted social.

The College provided shady camp ground, electrically lighted and supplied with water, for the visitors. Tents, cots, and mattresses were supplied where the farmers came unprepared. The few who wished to sleep indoors were given rooms in one of the College buildings.

Over two hundred children, ranging in age from a few

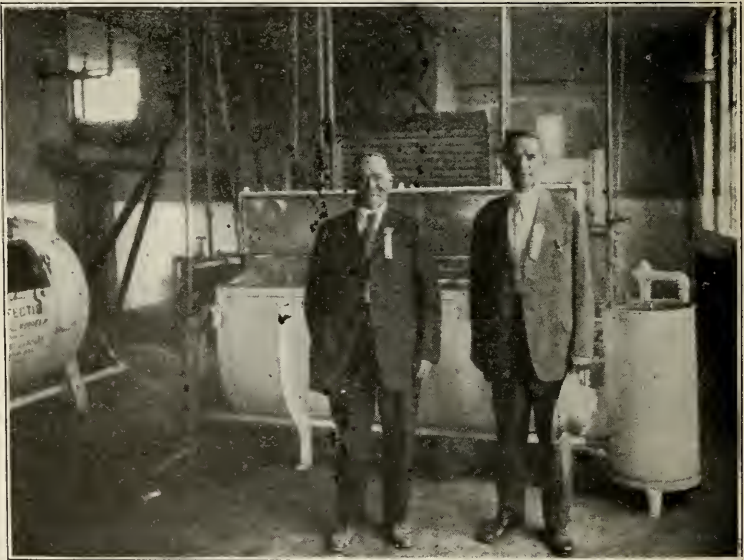


months to sixteen years, were brought to the encampment. These the College took full care of, thus leaving the parents free to attend the lectures and demonstrations and go on the excursions.

The way the College cared for the children was remarkable. They were divided into three groups. All from the smallest to eight years of age were grouped together. The little boys were furnished hammers, saw, nails and boards and allowed to be real carpenters in an improvised carpentry shop. The little girls were given water colors, paper to cut out, a sand pile, dolls and other things dear to the child heart. Those who wanted to play outside were taken to outdoor sand piles, swings, teeters and slides. All of the time they were under constant supervision.

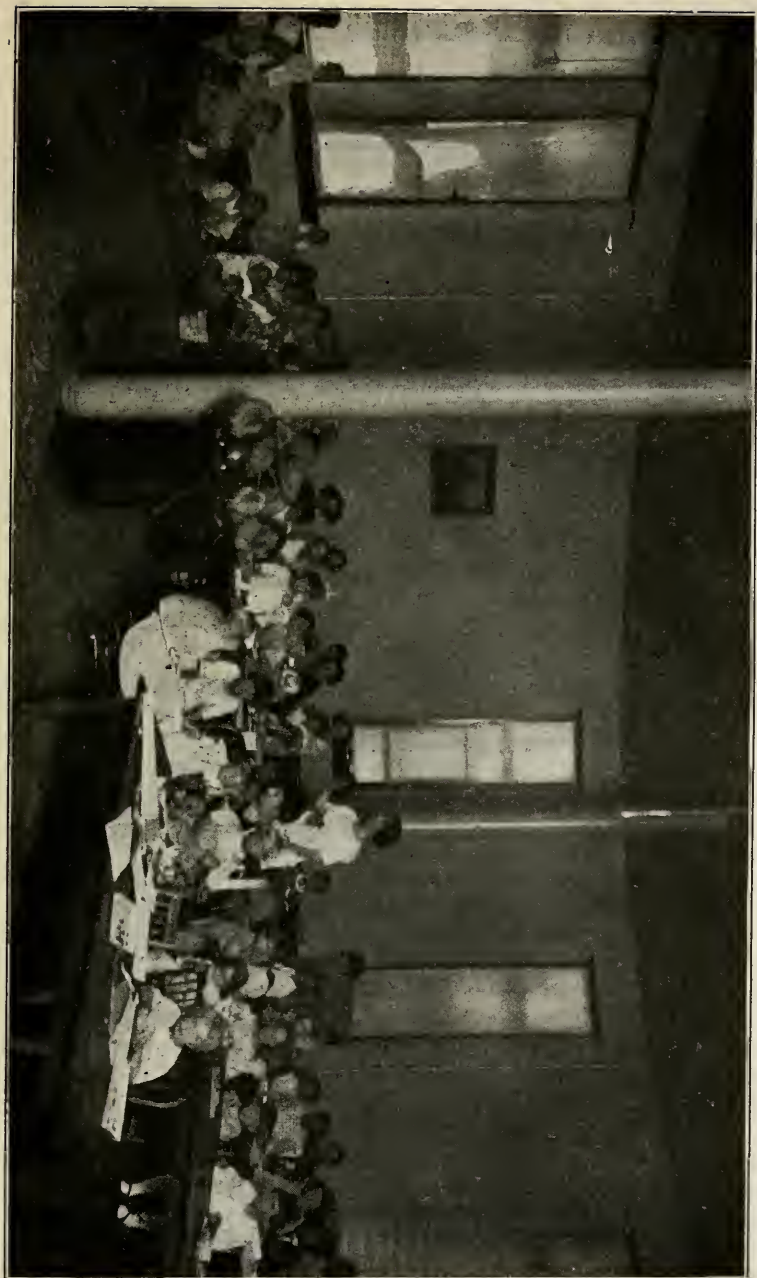
The children ate breakfast and supper with their parents but during the day the College fed them. At ten o'clock each little tot was given a half pint bottle of new milk from the College herd, provided with straws, and two graham crackers. At noon, they were all taken to the Cafeteria. At 3 o'clock the children had milk and crackers again. A charge of twenty-five cents a day for each child was made to cover the cost of the food furnished.

A second group of children consisted of the boys from eight to sixteen years old. These were taken upon hikes up Logan Canyon, to the swimming pool, and to moving picture shows



Fred L. Clegg (left) of Wasatch County, who made the highest score in grain judging and C. G. Adney (right) of Box Elder County, who won the live stock judging contest at the U. A. C. farmers' encampment.

*A corner of the play room where the small children spent several happy days.*



provided by the College right on the campus. The third group of girls from eight to sixteen, were cared for in a similar way.

During the entire encampment, the Department of Dairy Husbandry maintained a milk and butter-milk bar for the visitors.

Judging contests for the farm bureau championship of Utah in livestock and grain-judging were held, and a hat and dress making contest was conducted for the women. The encampment was brought to an exciting close on the afternoon of August 5 by a baseball game for the Farm Bureau Championship of the State.

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## A Record of the Mighty Dead on this Continent to be Preserved

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*By H. Newton Thornton, Member of American Institute of Architects, and  
President of the Idaho Society of Architects*

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*And I will show unto this people that I had other sheep, and that they were a branch of the house of Jacob;*

*And I will bring to light their marvelous works, which they did in my name. (Doctrine and Covenants 10:60, 61.)*

More external evidence of the historical credibility and truth of the Book of Mormon is seen in the fact that an appropriation of \$50,000 has been approved by the Mexican Government through President Obregon for the reconstruction of the *Ruins of San Juan De Teotihuacan*.

San Juan is the site of the two great pyramids in Mexico, one to the sun and the other to the moon. Adjacent to these pyramids scientists have discovered a buried city which is said to have flourished probably three or four thousand years ago.

The reconstruction of these great pyramids built by ancient civilizations around San Juan has more than passing significance to the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in that the boy prophet Joseph Smith made record of the existence of extensive and highly developed civilizations on this continent long before modern research and scientists definitely came to these conclusions.

Increasing evidence continues to come forth, declaring the authenticity and inspiration of the Book of Mormon, showing that the population of Central America was at one time very dense, and a high degree of civilization attained, by some experts declared to be higher even than that of Europe in the time of Columbus, and as in the old world, empire succeeded empire, until the last great battles extinguished them. Today



the remnants of the tribes of the American Indians are part of what is left to tell the story.

Modern research declares that the great pyramids of San Juan now to be repaired by the Mexican Government furnish matter of admiration to all intelligent persons, in that they together with nearly all the ancient works found in this country are built pointing to the four cardinal points and that these great pyramids were used exclusively for astronomical observations as were the pyramids of Egypt.

We are over-joyed in confirmation of these facts when we read in the Book of Mormon evidence that the Nephites had a knowledge of modern astronomy concerning the movement of the earth and the planetary system, and we feel to concur with the noted scientists of today that the ancients had a knowledge of many of the scientific facts that were later discovered by Copernicus, Kepler and others.

Congratulations to the Mexican government for its desire to preserve a record of the mighty dead on this continent; and, in the words of Ruskin, "The time has come when those building stones are to be held sacred because their hands have touched them."

*Idaho Falls, Idaho*

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## Alphabet of Suggestive Definitions

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*Accuracy*—very often means honesty

*Brilliance*—flashlight knowledge.

*Concentration*—directed attention.

*Diligence*—constant exertion.

*Enthusiasm*—torchlight animation.

*Faith*—an awakener of duty.

*Gumption*—active energy.

*Honor*—right, not sidetracked.

*Intelligence*—knowledge made useful.

*Judgment*—adaptable knowledge.

*Know*—to comprehend and remember.

*Learning*—the bare facts.

*Manners*—usually rightful passport.

*Nowhere*—a place to get away from.

*Opportunity*—chance made good.

*Perseverance*—taking hold, holding on, and never letting go.

*Qualification*—thorough preparation.

*Resourceful*—what to do next.

*Successful*—doers not sayers only.

*Tact*—best way of performance.

*Useful*—ability to do what needs to be done.

*Valiant*—enthusiastically obedient.

*Wisdom*—judicious judgment.

*Exertion*—moving power that counts.

*Yearning*—longing, active desire.

*Zest*—the power that accomplishes.

—James D. Todd

# The End of the Feud

*By Elizabeth Cannon Porter*

The row started over water. Van Noordan looked with sullen eyes at his neighbor's waving fields and intimated that they were kept green with stolen water.

Being called a thief, roused Hamilton's Celtic blood, and he angrily raised his shovel and struck the Dutchman with the handle.

"I'll have the law on you," yelled Van Noordan, stinging under the blow.

This he proceeded to do. When the case was finally fought out, according to old water rights, Van Noordan had the lion's share of the water. This he proceeded to thriftily appropriate. If the Celt was quick to anger, the Teuton was slow to forget, and there began a feud as bitter as that between the Montagues and the Capulets, two families of Florence, who also had a son and a daughter.

So it became Hamilton's turn to watch his fields parch and die while with burning hatred his eyes drank in his neighbor's succulent greenness. The two farms lay side by side at the mouth of Dry Canyon, where it widened out to sweep to the valley below. The land was rich and produced choice fruit because the pocket of the mountains protected it from cold winds and early frosts.

Hamilton gazed at his seared fields much as a mother would look at her sick child, then with true Irish resource, he planned to checkmate his neighbor. He watered only a small portion of his land and in this he practiced intensive cultivation. The rest he turned into pasture. Then he imported thoroughbred Durhams to graze therein. In time his blooded stock became as famous as the Dutchman's grain fields.

Van Noordan built an ice house; Hamilton added a screened-in porch to his dwelling. To shut out the obnoxious view of this, the former planted a row of Poplar trees between the farms. The latter placed on the dividing line a stone wall built out of the rocks that his plow had overturned in the field. These along with the bitterness of two stubborn old men, served as a barrier between two lonely children. Nature, which has a way of compensating, brought Hamilton a son, while in the Van Noordan household it left a daughter.

As he exultantly watched Jim grow to longlimbed manhood, old Hamilton cunningly schemed how, with his boy's strength, he would win back the beauty of his fields.

Van Noordan, oblivious of his enemy's advantage, bathed with delight in the sunshine of his small Dutch daughter.

Jim Hamilton had been two years at the Agricultural College, and Magdalene Van Noordan was training to become a nurse at the hospital in the city when she was suddenly called home by the death of her mother. It was vacation time and she used to watch through a gap in the fence the dark head glistening in the sun as the young man toiled in the beet field. Jim, who was tall, sometimes glanced over the wall to behold a trim, blue-clad figure, with a dimpled forearm, hanging out the wash.

One noon as he came up with his hoe over his shoulder, he heard a piercing scream. This was followed by several more, which lapsed into sobs. Lithely he leaped the fence and plunged into the tall corn from whence the sound came.

He had gone some distance when he spied between the rows the body of Amos Van Noordan. His daughter held his head in her lap as she wildly chaffed his hand. Young Hamilton dropped beside the rigid form and put his head to his heart.

"Looks like he has been dead some time," he said gently.

"Then there is nothing we can do for him," she wailed. Hysterically she told him:

"He ran out this morning to chase boys who were stealing roasting ears in the corn patch. I never thought any more of it until lunch time when I called him. He didn't answer. I waited the dinner half an hour and then I got worried. I hunted for him all over the place and finally came down here."

She gulped, "He was lying on his face. When I spoke to him he didn't answer. Oh my father!" The red-gold head cried over the gray one.

Jim examined the old man's eyes. "Looks like apoplexy. The hot sun and the exertion of chasing the boys probably brought on a stroke. We'll see what the doctor says."

"He died out here alone—with no one to care for him," moaned his daughter.

"He probably knew nothing about it. Those things come on so suddenly."

"Do you think so?" asked Magdalene, wiping her eyes on her apron.

She stood up while the man picked up the body of his father's enemy and staggered to the house with it. It was Jim Hamilton who summoned the doctor, the coroner, the undertaker. He sent telegrams to distant relatives and met them when



they arrived. This left the daughter free, between fits of weeping, to prepare the house which Van Noordan had builded so well, for the master's last departure from it.

On the return from the cemetery, Magdalene kindly but firmly declined the offers of friends to stay with her, but her young neighbor resolutely followed her to the door. When she entered the empty house she sank into a chair, but as soon as she perceived that it was her father's arm chair, she shivered and moved. She leaned back wanly and closed her white hand between his two rough brown ones.

"The only light I can see in the whole thing is that father is with mother," she murmured miserably. "My loss is mother's gain. They were companions, as well as lovers. Father never seemed the same after mother went."

"Life isn't much without companionship—Magdalene, I want you for my companion—my wife. I believe I have loved you always." He raised her hand to his lips.

"Jim, I want to thank you for all that you have done since our trouble. You can't know what it means to me at this time. About that other,—you will have to talk some other time." By the look in her eyes he knew that he would come back.

As she gravely shook hands with him, the first little glow of comfort that she had felt since her father's death crept round her heart.

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## Don't Give Up

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When the trail ahead looks gloomy, and the sun seems mighty dim,  
When the sky is overshadowed, and you feel that you won't win,  
Just keep yourself a move'n, don't give up the game,  
The chap with sand is sure to land, he'll get there just the same.

When the snow is still a snow'n, or the rain is pour'n down,  
When the cold North wind's a blow'n, 'til you can't stick to the ground,  
Just set yer teeth and bear it, don't make the slightest wail,  
The lad with pluck, is never stuck, there's no such thing as fail.  
When your mighty tired and hungry, and your almost down and out,  
When your friends begin to shun-ye, and your mind, seems full of doubt  
Don't ever think of failure, lad, it's the worse thing you can do;  
Make up your mind that you're the kind that's go-na stick,—LIKE GLUE.

*Moab, Utah*

*Francis M. Shafer*

# Conversion

*By Professor Enoch Jorgensen*

Conversion in its broadest sense, according to Webster, is "a changing from one state or condition to another;" but in the commonly accepted sense it is "A spiritual and moral change from the service of the world to the service of God." Professor James says: "Conversion is a sudden conviction that comes to the individual, of previous inadequacy." This agrees in the main with Starbuck's notion that "Conversion is characterized by more or less sudden changes of character from evil to goodness, from sinfulness to righteousness, from indifference to spiritual insight and activity."

These views seem to be borne out by fact in the main, so far as the conversion of mature men and women is concerned; but by far the greater number of converts is among the young during the period of adolescence. When young people are brought up in religious environment, true conversion seems to be a natural growth, "a state of certitude through a knowledge of God plus an acquaintance with God. This is not the putting on of a patch but the weaving in of new fiber in the makeup of the individual."

Conviction is not conversion.

Conviction, or the sense of sin, usually precedes conversion. This sense of sin does not necessarily imply real sin, but a feeling of imperfection, of unworthiness, of having made mistakes. There is a great difference, however, between sins and mistakes, between conviction and conversion. Humility is a great factor for making the one reach into the other.

James, Starbuck, Coe, and other religious psychologists speak of an ultra-marginal consciousness in our lives which brings to us visions, dreams, or other manifestations of the super-human, of God. To the Latter-day Saint this is the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, who makes known to us the past, the present, and the future when we are worthy. He brings real conversion to the soul. The Spirit of God who is a guide to all men when they do right, may influence similarly those on whom the Holy Ghost has not been conferred.

Starbuck places the age of conversion at from 10 to 25 years, though with many children it begins as early as 7 or 8 years of age. In females conversion is most common from 13 to 16 years,

and in males at 17 years. Natural or gradual-growth conversion rarely occurs after the 20th year.

Among the motives and forces that lead to conversion, Starbuck gives the following: 1. Fear; 2. Other self-regarding motives; 3. Altruistic motives; 4. Following out a moral ideal; 5. Remorse and conviction of sin; 6. Response to teachings; 7. Example and imitation; 8. Urging and social pleasure.

Fear is a common cause with both sexes; fear of the sectarian "Hell-fire," fear of the future, of death, of meeting parents or other loved ones gone before whose injunctions have not been followed. This last state implies partial conversion earlier. Following out a moral ideal, and remorse and conviction of sin are common motives among males, while urging and social pleasures are among the most common motives that lead to conversion among females.

Many and varied are the preconversion experiences given by the different authors who have made a study of this question. If the ideal life is dominant there may be a feeling of estrangement from God, doubts and misgivings followed by a desire for a better life. Under normal conditions there is usually a feeling of helplessness, humility, restlessness, anxiety, uncertainty. If a sinful life is dominant in consciousness, there may be depression, sadness, sense of sin, tendency to resist conviction.

Conviction may continue for weeks and months, even for years before it is marked. Starbuck finds that the average time for conviction for females is 24 weeks, for males 69 weeks. We Latter-day Saints who have had experience as missionaries know how this varies with the individuals. Some know the gospel as soon as they hear it, others study it, think and pray about it, for weeks, months, or years. I have in mind a good brother, prominent in ward and stake affairs in Salt Lake, whom I met in Copenhagen twenty-four years ago. He was president of a Temperance Society, and the well-to-do landlord of a great tenement house. Opportunity presented itself for me to appear on a musical program given by the society, and in this way I began preaching the gospel to him. An invitation to take dinner at his home was followed by a standing invitation to dine with the family regularly every Thursday. Then came the request to bring other missionaries; finally every Latter-day Saint missionary in that great city knew that dinner would be served each Thursday at 6 o'clock at Herr C's, and welcome. This continued for thirteen years after I left Denmark, and always our investigating friend made it a point to have one or more strangers at table to meet the "Mormons." Yet he held off from baptism; when the brethren urged it he would say he was not quite converted; or, he would jocularly remark that he'd better wait



until the elder returned, who first brought him the gospel. In the meantime, many souls were brought to a knowledge of the truth through his generous efforts. Fourteen years after our first meeting he and all his household embraced the gospel. Who can say that God did not stay his conversion for a wise purpose?

The psychological steps in conversion seem to be: first a sense of perplexity and conviction of sin, second, satisfaction and temporary relaxation, third, a spur to renewed activity and better living. One authority says: "Conversion consists in yielding or self-surrender, determination, forgiveness, God's help, public confession, spontaneous awakening, and a feeling of oneness with God." However we word it, Latter-day Saints know that if any one be truly converted he will eschew evil and turn to God with all his heart. He will lay aside the past, and with the poet will say:

"Arise, if the past detain you,  
Her sunshine and sorrow forget.  
No chains so unworthy to bind you  
As those of useless regret."

Revivals as a means of conversion were formerly much employed; but it is now generally conceded that revival converts "do not stick," education, therefore, is taking the place of revivals. The lecture platform, the lyceum, the chautauqua do much to stir men to better living. The Church Schools, among us, have been the means of saving thousands of young men and women from straying afield during the adolescent period. The new move to establish seminaries in connection with the state high schools is, and will continue to be one of the greatest factors for the saving of our young people that has been developed so far within the Church.

We seminary teachers must be prepared to grasp the opportunity of "becoming saviors on Mount Zion." We must know our field, know adolescent youth, understand that "God and nature have wrought an indissoluble bond between love and religion," that the age of religion and that of sexual maturity coincide, "that religion is at its best when its earthly image is most spotless, that a church as an institution is at its best when it has the highest ideals, that sex-love is, at its best when religion is most pure and undefiled."

G. Stanley Hall gives twelve statements of parallelism between sex-love and religion:

1. "Both affect the ego." (I'll live, I'll die for you.)
2. "Both make the soul sensitive to nature."
3. "Both have dangers of fanaticism."
4. "Both are nest builders."—The home, the church.

5. "Both ebb and flow like the sea."—Teachers must learn to appreciate flood tide.
6. "The soul is especially cadenced in love and religion."
7. "Both exhibit the self in ecstatic love."
8. "Both have accurately prescribed forms and ceremonies."
9. "Both demand an object on which to rest."
10. The object of each modifies its subject."
11. "Both demand resignation and acquiescence."
12. "Religion and love are alike in that each vivifies our whole life, and the absence of either is followed by a shadowing of existence. Sex-love provides for the perpetuity of the individual."

How very important that we understand both and their relation to adolescence.

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## Eden

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Under a tree we sat,  
 My love, and I.  
 Under a tree we sat,  
 And heav'n was nigh!  
 Shades of leaves on her face,  
 Sunflecks, and dainty grace,  
 And in her eyes a trace,  
 Of the blue sky!

Leaves rustled tenderly,  
 Wind passing by.  
 Leaves rustled tenderly,  
 Like a soft sigh.  
 Sweet were the words she said,  
 Bending her pretty head:  
 With her cheeks rosy red:—  
 "Just you and I."

On the whole earth alone,  
 'Midst sweetest flow'rs.  
 On the whole earth alone,  
 Eden is ours.  
 Here in Dame Nature's school,  
 Under your gentle rule,  
 Now when the day is cool,  
 Fill up the hours."

Loving her voice, and sweet,  
 Red lips apart.  
 Loving her voice, and sweet,  
 Moving my heart.  
 Soft were her clinging hands,  
 Holding the golden strands,  
 Of love's dear silken bands,  
 Close round my heart!

Thus love should ever be,  
 If it has worth.  
 Thus love should ever be,  
 Like a new birth.  
 A balm for every pain,  
 Sunshine through winter's rain,  
 God's Eden back again,  
 Heaven on earth!

*Hobart, Tasmania*

*A. C. A. Van Hower*



### BOY SCOUTS ON THE WAY TO YELLOWSTONE

*In front of the Logan, Utah, Tabernacle. Why not a campaign in your stake to enlist boys in the great scout program of character building?*



# Sources of Joy and Factors of Happiness

A Study for the Advanced Senior Classes of the M. I. A., 1921-1922.

By Dr. George H. Brimhall

## Lesson IV.—Health

*Introduction.*—Optimism, self correction and health make thrift worth while. To the pessimist self correction is almost out of the question; he is so absorbed with outside evils that the necessity for inner improvement is either not seen or not thought to be worth while.

The unrepentant individual becomes content with carelessness, conjures excuses, condones crime, and finally commits it. Such a one becomes estranged to the joy of character and cleanliness; and, granted time and opportunity, the individual degenerates into an environment that will coordinate with his conduct, and he acquires the ability to enjoy idleness, iniquity and squalor. It is the case of the individual taking the same downward steps that are followed by races from civilization to savagery.

The inescapable parallelism between the fate of the individual and the fate of the group, in their climb or decent along the pathway of life, is seen at every turn.

*Physical Health.*—We now come to a consideration of health as a factor of happiness, and, calling to mind the fact that most diseases are filth diseases, we see the close relationship between cleanliness and health. In the baccalaureate sermon, to the students of the Brigham Young University, delivered in May, 1921, Bishop Charles W.

Nibley made health the first great essential of success.

Herbert Spencer held to the theory that the first essential in national greatness is the production of a race of strong human animals. The ancient Greeks recognized the importance of health in the expression: "A strong mind in a strong body."

Dr. James E. Talmage, in a lecture delivered several years ago, defined health as a condition of freedom from disease, fulness of energy, and a desire to constructively expend that energy. This definition would place the indolent person on the sick list, where he doubtless belongs. No person is well who does not desire to work.

Webster defines health as a state of being hale, sound, or whole in body, mind or soul. It appears safe to say that health is a state of wholeness, and the term is coming to mean a state of fitness, fit for service, fit for business, fit for travel, so that it has come to be a common expression to speak of one who is in good health as one who is physically fit.

In the broad sense, the saying that he who wants health wants everything, is true; it is also true that he who has health has everything. The person who has physical health is at ease with his physical organism, he is valid, full of physical strength, he wants to be up and doing, he is not reminded of his physical existence by that

morning-tired feeling which is nature's announcement of the commission of one of three sins: dissipation, overwork, or overeating. The healthful person faces the day with a feeling possessed by the sturdy inhabitant of one of our mountain valleys, who exclaimed while facing a canyon breeze, before sun up, "I feel so good, so good, I could just jump over the mountain." This was the meeting of two rising suns, the King of Day and a Healthy Man.

Physical health is not only a source of happiness to the individual, it is a source of happiness to the group. Illness of one member of a household cuts down the joy of the entire family. The extent to which public health is a factor of happiness, will be comprehended in part by considering what happens when an epidemic is permitted to strike a community. First, safety calls for quarantine to the individuals affected; second, public gatherings including all forms of recreation are often discontinued; third, productiveness is cut down by interference with industry, and through it all apprehension instead of joyous anticipation pervades the entire social atmosphere, to say nothing of the distress coming from bereavement.

**Intellectual Health.**—A person is mentally fit and intellectually helpful when he is at ease with truth. He knows and he knows that he knows, and he is ambitious to know more. The morally healthful person is at ease with right. He has convictions and conduct that match. He is conscious of ethical insight and enjoys ethical activity.

**Spiritual Health.**—To have spiritual health one must be "At

rest with Christ," and possess a God-reaching faith, and a religious fervor impelling him to enjoyable doing of religious duties.

Unteachableness is a symptom of intellectual unhealth, no matter whether it manifests itself in a sort of know-it-all egotism, grey-matter stagnation, or subnormal capacity. Distrust of the final triumph of right, dislike for the inconvenience of ethical heroism, and a willingness to recklessly run the chances of an infinite remoteness of the day of reckoning, are symptoms of moral unhealthfulness. Entertaining skepticism indulging in iniquity, omitting duties, are the three great symptoms of spiritual sickness. When we have a complication of physical disorder, intellectual lassitude, moral laxity, spiritual faithlessness, we have a case of all-round soul sickness, which is both in part and in whole the very opposite of heaven, the very negative of happiness: but when there exists a condition of physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual health, the man and the multitude thus conditioned feel the impulse to exclaim life is heaven.

### *Literary Lives*

A sound mind in a sound body is a short but full description of a happy state in this world.—*Locke*.

Life is not mere living but the enjoyment of health.—*Martial*.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense, lie in three words—health, peace, and competence.—*Pope*.

Oh! health! health! the blessing of the rich! the riches of the poor! who can buy thee at too dear a rate, since there is no enjoying the world without thee.—*Ben Johnson*.

### *Reading References*

*Gospel Doctrine*, Jos. F. Smith, pages 300 to 303.

*Relations of Society to the Drug Habit*, Peter H. Bryce. *American Journal of Public Health*, September, 1921. William James—from *Religious Experiences*.

### Questions and Problems

1. What is auto intoxication and how is it related to overwork?

2. At what point in our eating do we begin to take poison?

3. Discuss this proposition: Next to the drink habit and the drug habit (including coca-cola), stands the patent medicine habit, as a health destroyer.

4. Substituting the word *health* for the word *love* in that beautiful hymn, "Love at home," which statement would contain the most truth?

5. Why should disease smuggling be made a misdemeanor?

6. In considering a place to locate, for the building of a home, which do you consider the most important, the matter of livelihood, education, or health?

7. Which is the better health advice, don't worry; or don't hurry? Give reasons.

8. What happens when we grow tired, and then work on until weariness disappears?

9. In what miracle performed by the Savior did he indicate the relationship of sin to sickness?

10. What sort of sickness is referred to in I Cor. 11:30?

11. Health being a prime factor of happiness, why are people so careless with it?

12. Discuss the advantages of physical examination (a) in the home, (b) in the schools.

13. Have some one read a five-minute paper on "The Work of Public Health Associations."

14. See if you can improve by substitution on this list of twelve health-habits:

#### *Physical Health:*

1. The habit of eating plain, wholesome food, including a good deal of milk.

2. The habit of exercise that demands deep breathing and perspiration.

3. The habit of being cheerful.

#### *Intellectual Health:*

1. The habit of close observation.

2. The habit of studying books.

3. The habit of accuracy of expression.

#### *Moral Health:*

1. The habit of sincerity.

2. The habit of keeping one's word.

3. The habit of doing a square deal.

#### *Spiritual Health:*

1. The habit of prayer.

2. The habit of attending religious service.

3. The habit of paying tithes and offerings.

15. What is the difference in reaching a man through his stomach and reaching manhood through his stomach?

### Lesson V.—Thrift

Thrift, in this case, should mean financial prosperity through industry and economical management. The slogan of the ages has been, Spend less than you make. The late President Francis M. Lyman, who may fittingly be remembered as an apostle of thrift, held to the belief that persons who would save ten per cent on every dollar would escape want and have sufficient competence for old age.

One of our most successful business men speaks of thrift as the second great essential to success, and holds to the thought that penury is the result of people not being willing to pay the price for thrift. They operate under the

delusion that one may eat his pie and have it, too.

It is certain that productiveness is at the foundation of all thrift. The over-expenditure habit prevents productiveness from reaching over into the field of margins, by driving it into the ditch of deficit. It was pointed out in lesson three that a feeling of safety is a fundamental of happiness; the habit of saving places within the reach of the masses the consciousness of security against want; while the spendthrift habit sacrifices to the present the possibilities of any sense of security for the future.

The economist advances exultingly looking ever forward with



judicious optimism and backward with consistent satisfaction: saying of his sacrifices, "It was worth them all." The epicurean recedes with embarrassment, faces the future with fading hope, looks upon the past with a wish for its return, condolingly preaching his own financial funeral sermon, the climax of which is, "It was worth it all."

Thrift promotes self confidence, which is a form of strength; and a sense of strength is another fundamental of happiness. Wrestling with an unnecessary want—is a fine form of intellectual athletics. Thrift wins the confidence of others, and this elevates our social selves. A social self is your idea of what another person thinks of you. Honest thrift is accompanied by a consciousness of being straight. Every thrifty man is a village blacksmith, in character, who,

"Looks the whole world in the face  
For he owes not any man,"

beyond his willingness and ability to pay.

Among the Latter-day Saints thrift carries with it the consciousness of square dealing with the Lord. A man's reputation as *he* knows it is the sum total of his social selves, and thrift makes this sum total enjoyable, while its opposite makes the same sum total unenjoyable.

Thrift, unadulterated by greed, increases one's helpfulness. To want to help and can't is accompanied by a consciousness of weakness which is always a condition of unhappiness, and without thrift our helpfulness is reduced to mere good intentions.

### *Literary Lights*

Live with a thrifty, not a needy fate; small shots paid often waste a vast estate.—*Herrick*.

I knew once a very covetous, sordid fellow, who used to say, Take care of the pence; for the pounds will take care of themselves.—*Lord Chesterfield*.

Economy, the poor man's mint.—*Tupper*.

There are but two ways of paying debt—increase of industry in raising income, increase of thrift in laying out.—*Carlyle*.

### *Problems and Questions*

1. Wherein is tithe paying a good thrift habit?
2. Discuss the doctrine contained in the following:

Not mine to spend,  
Not mine to keep,  
Not mine to give,  
Not mine to lend

'Tis the Lord's part, a tenth of all I earn.

3. Wherein is buying without asking the price indicative of lack of thrift?

4. Illustrate the lack of thrift in curtailing expenditures at the expense of production.

5. What about the policy of cutting the milk bill to increase the gasoline supply, or to pay for fancy footwear?

6. How do expenditures for destruction affect national thrift? Illustrate.

7. Aside from the unethical element involved, how does the wasting of an employer's time by the employee affect the thrift of the community?

8. How does telephone gossiping affect community thrift?

9. Name what you think the three most valuable thrift habits.

10. Wherein does unwise curtailment of food supply, interfere with production, and thereby become an unthrifty procedure?

11. In which will the thrifty man be more concerned, in producing or saving?

12. Are there any other thrift habits entitled to rank before these, and are these in their order the habit of producing, the habit of saving, the habit of investing?

13. Make a list of your thrift habits, and of the things that are making for the thrift of your community.

14. Have a successful business man give some specific direction in regard to safe investments.

15. Formulate some rules of safety against wild cat schemes.

*Reading References*

*Man of Tomorrow*, by Claude Richards, chapter 32.

*Poor Richard's Almanac*, Benjamin Franklin.

*Thrift*, Samuel Smiles. Read *James Psychology*, chapter on Selves.

*Lesson VI.—Helpfulness*

The philosopher was right when he said there is evidently a parallel between the length of the period of helplessness in the offspring and the height of intelligence of the parent. The new born mosquito is ready for self support immediately; the child of civilization requires more than a decade of care from its parents, and revelation points to an uncounted number of years of man's need of help from God.

The helplessness of offspring provides for a corresponding helpfulness of parents. Helplessness is that helpfulness may be, and both are that there may be joy. Out of helplessness comes the possibility of gratitude. Underlying helpfulness is the emotion of sympathy and gratitude.

*The Relation of Helplessness to Helpfulness.*—We hear of destitution, we witness want, our sympathy is aroused, we are pained with the thoughts of suffering, but are pleased with the contemplation of relieving it, and thus the desire of helpfulness brings happiness. We send relief, and gratitude gushes forth from the hearts of those we help; they are made happy. These two streams, sympathy and gratitude, come together, and at their confluence love is formed. The two great laws of love have been lived, first, we grow to love that which we appreciate, second, we grow to love the objects of our willing service.

*Mercy.*—Even an injudicious act of mercy blesses the merciful, and when the Master said, "Blessed are

the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," he evidently understood that it was not merely a question of receiving back in kind from someone else, but though cruelty were returned the merciful expanded mercy from within; and the great beatitude included the truth, blessed are the merciful for they shall grow in mercy, and with that growth of mercy as with the growth of all helpfulness comes a corresponding love, not only of the object of the helpfulness, but of the helpfulness itself. To love the object of our acts is happiness, but to love the act itself is joy.

All unselfish helpfulness is merciful, consequently we recognize with the immortal Shakespeare, that

"The quality of mercy is not strained."

*Self Help as Related to Helpfulness of Others as a Factor of Happiness.*—The consciousness of being self helpful, is one of the fundamentals of individuality; we all enjoy it, even the contemplation of doing for one's self is happiness, and this stream of joy widens and deepens unless it leaves its course and plunges off into the abyss of arrogance and self sufficiency, and the individual subconsciously revels in the error of having in mind no need of help from God or his fellow man, a state of inglorious glory. It may be a state of pleasure but not of profit, for joy is always profitable.

But self-help, savored with the recognition of some helplessness, is

a source of satisfaction to the individual and encouragement to others. Self helpfulness is a mark of greatness. Sublimity of life in one person inspires sublimity in many. To be royally self helpful, then, means to be helpful to others. The fall of a chieftain sends fear to the legion, the conquest of a captain encourages the whole company, and encouragement is a high form of happiness.

It was said by Algernon Sidney that God helps those that help themselves. This idea has cropped out in many forms in literature.

There is a beautiful recognition of divine application of self-helpfulness as a source of happiness when coupled with the recognition of helpfulness from God, in Revelation 7:13-17. "And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him: \* \* \* "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

*Some Illustrations.*—Some years ago there sat at a mountain spring two persons; they were in the canyon for loads of wood, one was a middle-aged man, the other a boy in his later teens. During the meal time an awkward Scandinavian emigrant, reeking with perspiration, and panting with exhaustion, came for a drink.

Drinking his fill, he sat down in the shade of a maple to rest. The younger of the two men lunching said, "Come, have a bite," the older one ate on in grim and greedy silence.

The wood craft recruit said with considerable culture, "I ought not

to eat your dinner, but I lost mine on the way up." "O come, and eat," said the young host, "a half is often better than the whole."

The second invitation was accepted, and the young man who furnished the half dinner had so much joy in witnessing the happiness of his guest, that the mere recollection of the incident called forth the following lines:

"The joy of sharing a dinner,  
Of lending a helping hand,  
Is the joy of being a winner,  
In the race to the heavenly land."

A young man sat on a platform of a western railway station watching a herd of cattle that had been unloaded to feed. Much to his surprise three young women, gaudily dressed, approached and began chattering and giggling. As they came close one of them stopped and confronting him almost brazenly said,

"You look good to me."

"I am glad," said he, "If I look good to any one in this rough garb."

"Aren't you lonely?" said she.

"No," he replied, "I have been here but a short time, but the place is surely lonely enough."

"Come over and lunch with me at the Red Lark," she responded.

"And where is the Red Lark?" he asked.

"Over there just beyond the meadow," she replied.

He looked and saw the building, and knew what the Red Lark meant.

"No I cannot go with you to the Red Lark."

"Why not?" she asked. "It will cost you nothing, and I promise you a good time."

"Well, I cannot go."



"Where are you from?"

"I am from Utah," came the reply.

"Are you a 'Mormon?'" she asked.

"Why do you ask?" said he.

"Oh, I just thought you were a 'Mormon.'"

"Well, I am. What do you know about the 'Mormons?'"

At this question she turned pale, exclaiming, "Heavens, man, I was reared by a good 'Mormon' father and mother."

"Do you believe in 'Mormonism?'"

"Merciful heavens, yes. I attended the Brigham Young University, got a testimony there, and how I wish I had never received that testimony." And she went.

"Do you mind telling me how it all happened?" asked her interviewer.

She calmed herself and said, "When I discontinued school, I went to my country home, happy and hopeful. There came to our town a traveling man. I became acquainted with him, and through his influence against the wish of my parents, I went to one of our large cities where I had agreed to meet him. I trusted and loved the brute. He took me to Saltair and showed me a good time. He brought me back to the city where we went to a rooming house together. I spent the night there, and when I awoke next day, I was alone, lost—lost to my girlhood, my good name, everything!"

I dressed and attempted to leave the building, but was told I could not do so. Later on I was presented with a ticket to Omaha and some spending money. What could I do?" I was unfit to go home, and the place where I was seemed a prison. It was a case of anywhere for freedom for me, so I

went to Omaha. At the station there I was unexpectedly met by persons who seemed to know that I was coming. They were kind to me, but kept me going on the trail on which I started when I left my home. From Omaha they brought me here where they keep close watch on me."

"Would you like to go home?" the gentleman asked.

"I don't know," she replied, "but I do know that I should like to get away from this place and these people."

"You accepted a ticket away from the 'Mormons,' would you accept one back? If I will get you transportation, furnish you with suitable clothes, and provide for your needs and comfort during the journey, will you go back to your parents?"

At this question she rushed towards him as if she would embrace him, but he waived her off and said, "Will you go?"

Gazing into his face, she exclaimed, "You are the first man I have met in two long years. All the others were vultures. You are interested in helping me, they have all been interested in destroying me."

Then, hesitatingly, she said, "I must have my suitcase. There are some things in it that I cannot leave at the Red Lark, and I know the people there will not let me have my things."

"Yes, they will, I will go with you and we will get your suitcase."

They went to the Red Lark together and were met at the entrance with a most cordial welcome by the keeper. The girl went in. The man remained outside. The girl asked for her suitcase. Then the friendliness of the keeper changed to fury, but the youth said, "Give the girl her suitcase,

and let her go, or I will bring authority here that will move the entire place."

The keeper said to the girl, "Take your 'trash' and go." The "Mormon" took her to a furnishing house where she changed her costume at his expense. Attired as a lady, she stood before the glass and said, "Something like myself again."

That afternoon the train carried her toward her mountain home. Her rescuer loaded the cattle and proceeded eastward on his way. She was met with the welcome of the returned prodigal, and is living the life, though marred, for which she was created, while her benefactor drinks deep of joy through the memory of his helpfulness.

The hero of this incident at the time of its opening was relatively poor; he had no money for luxuries. Now he has in his employ scores of men and women happily developing one of the industries of our state. His employees all know he is full of helpfulness.

Helpfulness makes for happiness in making us more like God. It is the hymn, "Nearer my God to thee" in action. Nearness to God without a corresponding likeness to God is the antipodes of happiness.

To neglect or refuse to be helpful is to miss the tree of life; it is to come under the law of animality; grow by taking. To seek and embrace opportunities to be helpful is to partake of the fruits of the tree of life; it is to come under the law of humanity and divinity. To grow by giving. It is the application of the great doctrine taught by the Master when he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." President Francis M. Lyman once said, "The Savior

had to be saved before he could save other people," and the Savior as all others was saved through his own helpfulness and the helpfulness of his Father.

The helpfulness of help to the helper is in proportion to the sacrifice made in the helping. The upreach of helplessness and the uplift of helpfulness are the fundamental sources of sympathy and gratitude, either of which in action is happiness; and these two give birth to unalloyed love which is the apex of joy, the reaching of which is the great purpose of the atonement, the greatest act of helpfulness ever performed on earth.

"If you can't help a lot, don't refuse to help a little;" remember the widow's mite.

Helpfulness is the basis of exaltation. "He that would be greatest of all, let him be the servant of all." Who serves most rules best. Helpfulness is strength in the highest form of expenditure. Unselfish helpfulness produces one hundred per cent happiness, which is a fullness of joy.

### *Literary Lights*

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up  
But to support him after.—*Shakespeare*.

Help refused  
Is hindrance sought and found.—*Browning*.

To look up and not down,  
To look forward and not back,  
To look out and not in, and  
To lend a hand.—*Edward Everett Hale*.

Help yourself and heaven will help you.—*La Fontaine*.

I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,  
And laid him on my couch to rest,  
And made the earth my bed, and seemed  
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

### *Reading References*

*A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief.*  
*Lowell's Vision of Sir Launfal.*

### Questions and Problems

1. Which gives the greater joy, being merciful or receiving mercy?
2. Which is the greater happiness, a consciousness of mercy growth, or the expectation of mercy gift?
3. In which should we be more concerned in being helpful or in receiving help? Why?
4. On what grounds may we consistently say, "Thank God for the helplessness of children?"
5. Wherein are the needy an uplifting force to those who provide for them?
6. What are the conditions that make gratitude possible?
7. If there were no need of help, what

would become of sympathy?

8. Discuss this proposition: "The purest love finds its highest expression in helpfulness."

9. Show that the object of the atonement was the greatest act of helpfulness known to earth.

10. How can self-helpfulness be helpful to others?

11. How does one man's thrift become helpful in the thrift of other people?

12. At what point may self-helpfulness become a hindrance to self growth?

13. Repeat the law of growth in the physical world.

14. What is the law of growth in the spiritual world?

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### My Daddy Rainbow

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Sometime in the summer, if your legs are good and strong,  
 Hook right on to a vacation, go off and leave the throng.  
 Haul out your rod and tackle, rub them quickly into shape,  
 Pack your last year's duds, and for a trout stream make.  
 Go way up in the mountains, where the peaks are peaking snow  
 And the stream keeps getting smaller, and the boulders bolder grow.  
 There may be no great whoppers, like some fellows brag about,  
 But there's lots of sport in catching little gamey, speckled trout.  
 Took a trip last summer like I'm telling you about  
 Filled my soul with satisfaction, and my creel with speckled trout.  
 And right well do I remember the last hour of my stay  
 I hooked the Daddy Rainbow, but he flopped and got away.  
 He sure set me to thinking of some lives most nigh done,  
 And I wondered long and plenty, if they'd had their share of fun,  
 Or if they'd put off till Winter, the joys of Life's young May  
 Then like my Daddy Rainbow, they'd flopped and got away?  
 There's nothing like a fishing trip, with rod and reel and things  
 To make one thank the Lord above, for health and what it brings.  
 I'm not a-preaching righteousness, for I couldn't if I'd try,  
 But it hurts to see a fellow man, let pleasures all slip by.  
 Of course, we've got to work some, while in this vale of sin,  
 And live plumb square and honest, so's not to hurt our kin,  
 But there's lots of wholesome pleasure, writ out in Nature's book,  
 And the one best way to read it, is with a rod and hook.

*San Diego, Calif.*

*D. C. Retsloff*



# The Girl

*By Nephi Anderson, Author of "Added Upon," etc.*

I saw her for the first time as I unexpectedly went around to the back door of the house where she lived. She was scrubbing the kitchen floor. As she arose to answer my greeting, the scrub water dripped from her shapely arms. Her face flushed for just a moment, and then resumed the expression fitting the task she had in hand. I introduced myself, and inquired for the father or the mother.

"Mother is out," she replied. "She will not be long. Please step around to the front door, and I will let you in. You see, it is quite impossible for you to get past my scrubbing pail." She smiled.

I did as I was bidden, and was given a chair. I had business with her parents, but I was also interested in a girl who could be so at her ease and so unruffled before "company" in the performing of so menial but so necessary a task as the scrubbing of the kitchen floor; and so I watched her go about her work just as if there were no "dressed-up" individual about.

It was haying time on the farm. Father and brother were crowded to the limit from daylight to dark to gather in the harvest.

"I fear the men-folks will be too busy to milk, this evening," said the mother to the girl. "I guess we'd better do it."

"All right, I'll see to it," answered the daughter.

I caught a glimpse of her in enveloping apron and old shoes as she drove the cows home from the nearby pasture. The mother brought the pails to the yard and would have helped in the milking, but she was "ordered" into the house to finish getting supper. I lingered in the yard, watching the girl go about milking those cows in a strictly business-like way. Carefully, she cleaned away all dirt which might contaminate, and soon, under the pressure of the strong fingers the milk arose in foaming whiteness to the top of the pail. I talked "knowingly" of cows and milking, and was permitted to carry one of the full pails to the house.

The next morning the girl tripped lightly down stairs dressed in gray blouse and khaki suit, wrapped leggings and heavy shoes, with an old straw hat pressed well down over the ear puffs. She was ready for haying; and after breakfast she rode with her brother on the jolting rack out into the hayfield. At

the coming of the second load into the yard, I could not resist the longing to go out with them and take a hand myself. It was an inspiration to see the girl deftly stick her fork into a pile of hay and easily lift it to the rack. Then when someone was needed to stamp and build the rising load, freed from entangling skirts, she performed that task well.

It was Saturday afternoon. The hay was all in, thank goodness, for there was a storm coming and the weather was cold. The girl was busy finishing a dress, a dress which I learned by questioning which had been "made over" by the girl herself. Deftly and skilfully the not too delicate fingers folded and stitched and fitted until the dress was complete. I saw it next morning on the owner and it gracefully and neatly and amply clothed the shapely figure of the girl.

Early Sunday morning the girl was busy with her books. She was a teacher in the Sunday school, and she was preparing her lesson. In due time I joined her, and we discussed the subject matter of the text. Our talk led to other topics in which the girl was well versed. I brought up the subject of "boys." She smiled in a way which would indicate that she was not keenly interested. This, of course, was only subtle subterfuge: all girls are interested in boys.

"I suppose I'll see the boys this evening?" I ventured.

"Oh, yes, some of them come to meeting," she said.

"And then they come here?"

She just smiled, and dipped again into her book.

I would not be put off so lightly, so I continued:

"I should think the parlor would be full of boys Sunday evening—after meeting."

"Boy's don't like my kind," she replied without looking up.

"What do you mean?"

"I can't do the butterfly stunts."

"But you can do so many wonderful things."

"Wonderful?" She seemed to be really surprised, as she closed her book. Which led to a real heart to heart talk, from which I learned the girl's ideas of what an acceptable young man should be: not necessarily brilliant nor rich, but first a true Latter-day Saint, a good, clean, sensible fellow.

"And are there not plenty of such boys in the town?"

But before she could answer, we were called to prayers and to breakfast. At the table I could not help looking admiringly at her. I noted that her face was somewhat irregular and not beautiful after the doll-like pattern; but the face was one through which the fair spirit could shine, unhindered by any artificial coating!

There were a few minutes to spare before Sunday school

time, which were spent about the piano. The girl played without hesitancy any of the common songs, and her untrained voice had great possibilities.

I had an appointment at the meeting in the stake tabernacle. This building is one of the finest in the Church. A pipe organ adds to the excellency of the choir. The audience was large that day. The presiding officer announced the hymn, and then the organ pealed forth, clear and true. I had not noticed who was sitting at the keyboard. I turned and looked. It was the girl. She was the tabernacle organist.

The girl is not a creation of the imagination. She is real flesh and blood and spirit. I know her name and address. Is there not hope for Zion?

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## A Letter from Home

I just got a letter from Utah,  
"Twas written by dear old Dad;  
He told me of the party,  
He said that he and mother,  
And the dandy time they had.  
Had been to the "Lake" that day;  
Said the stork had brought a boy  
To the folks across the way.  
He told me of the weather,  
And said they'd had a rain;  
He told me of his business,  
And, too, of his monthly gain.  
Wrote about my brothers' babes,  
Of the childish pranks they play,  
And a lot of other things  
That were happening day by day.  
He ended it by saying  
"Our constant prayer's for thee,  
And God will bless and keep you  
If but you will faithful be."  
I tell you, when you leave your folks,  
And go far away to roam;  
There's nothing brings such comfort,  
As a note from "Home, Sweet Home."

*The Hague, Holland*

*Leona C. Walton*



# An Angel Came Down.

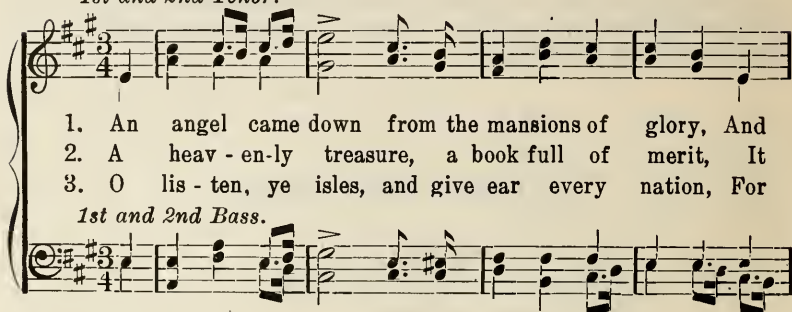
Written for Sacred Song Service, "The Plan of Salvation."

Words by W. W. PHELPS.

Music by EVAN STEPHENS.

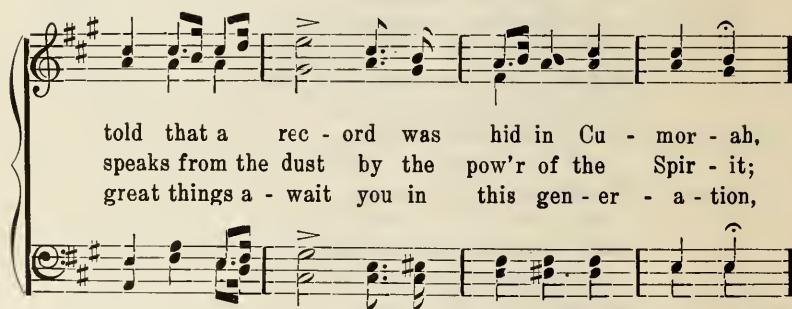
*Moderato marcato.*

*1st and 2nd Tenor.*

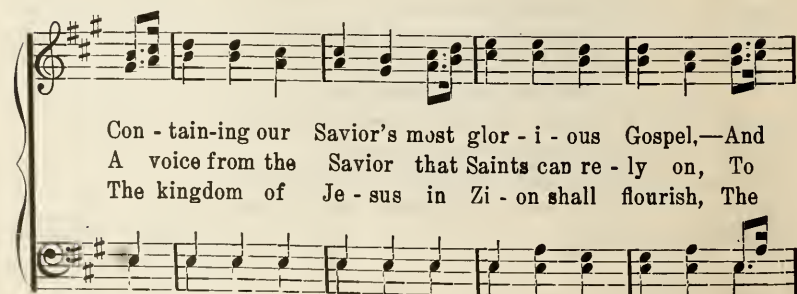


1. An angel came down from the mansions of glory, And  
2. A heav - en - ly treasure, a book full of merit, It  
3. O lis - ten, ye isles, and give ear every nation, For

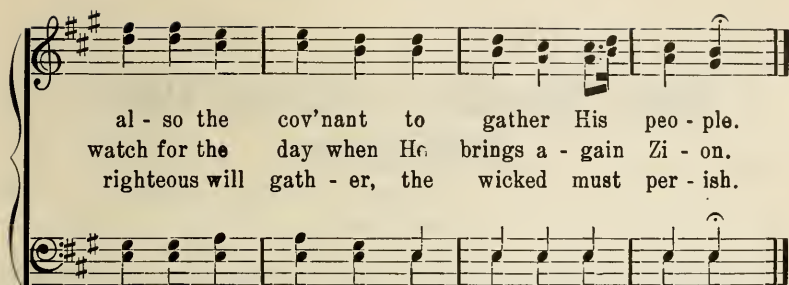
*1st and 2nd Bass.*



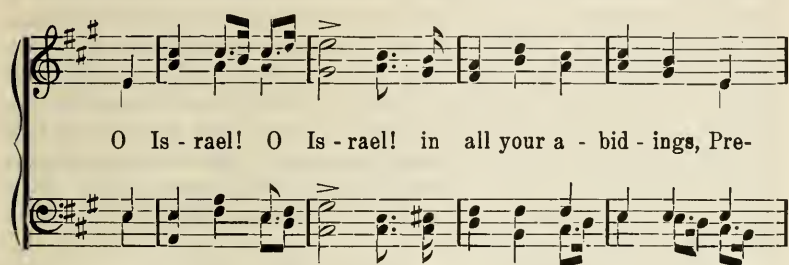
told that a rec - ord was hid in Cu - mor - ah,  
speaks from the dust by the pow'r of the Spir - it;  
great things a - wait you in this gen - er - a - tion,



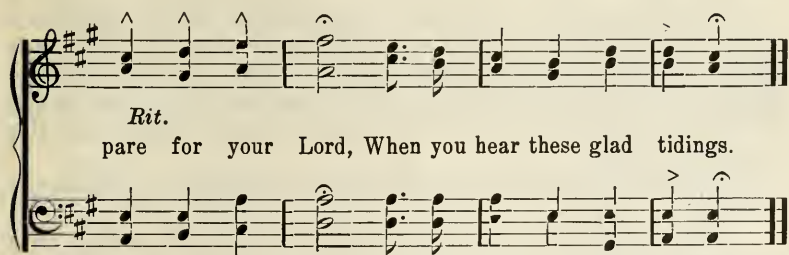
Con - tain - ing our Savior's most glor - i - ous Gospel, — And  
A voice from the Savior that Saints can re - ly on, To  
The kingdom of Je - sus in Zi - on shall flourish, The



al - so the cov'nant to gather His peo - ple.  
watch for the day when He brings a - gain Zi - on.  
righteous will gath - er, the wicked must per - ish.



O Is - rael! O Is - rael! in all your a - bid - ings, Pre-



*Rit.*  
pare for your Lord, When you hear these glad tidings.

## Name the Inference

The principal of a grade school at Long Beach, Calif., recently made this statement to his pupils: "In our family are nine brothers. Five of us are school teachers and have never used tobacco in any way. The other four all use tobacco. Two began it in grammar school, and never finished their grades. One began in high school, and did not finish his second year there. One did not begin smoking until his first year in college, and he did not finish his second year in college. The five of us who are teachers all graduated from grammar school, from high school and from college. All nine of us brothers had the same chance for schooling, and all enjoyed the same home privileges."—*Will H. Brown, Oakland, Calif.*

# How Theodore Seabring Made Restitution

*By Everett Spring*

Bessie Price paced up and down the long room restlessly. She had vacillated for thirty minutes between the mantel, where the gilt pendulum of the clock swung tediously behind its crystal casing, and the richly curtained windows, which looked out upon Connecticut avenue. She was waiting for her mother to return. It was insufferable to Bessie to wait in such uncertainty. At last, as she turned impatiently from the windows, the portieres parted and Mrs. Price appeared. She sent a fleeting smile at Bessie, and then dropped into the nearest chair. She was white and trembling, but Bessie did not notice that. She moved toward her swiftly.

"What happened?" she cried eagerly. "Have we got the money back?"

Mrs. Price put her frail, white hand gently on her daughter's arm. Her soft, brown eyes were filled with trouble. This was hardest of all, that Bessie must be told. One could not prepare Bessie for disagreeable facts. She did not take them very well, but she must be told, but Mrs. Price faltered before she put the facts into words.

"What happened?" repeated Bessie impatiently. "Tell me at once."

"We shall not get the money back," said Mrs. Price, and her voice, though low, was firm.

"Not get the money back?" echoed Bessie incredulously. The color fled from her brilliant, young face and her eyes flashed imperiously. Then she spoke in a dull, muffled voice. "Poor; we're poor! It means we'll have to give up this house, live in a stuffy little flat; no automobiles, no money for new clothes or theaters or travel. Poor."

"But we'll still be happy, Bessie. We've got each other. We can make a home out of even a little flat." The mother's eyes and voice pleaded for reassurance from the girl, and her slender fingers closed lovingly over her outstretched palm.

Bessie, half unconscious of the light touch, brushed her hand aside as she flung back both arms in a fierce gesture. "Oh, why did father leave all our money for Theodore Van Emmons to manage? He might have known."



"Mr. Van Emmons was an old business and social friend of your father's, Bessie. There was no one in whom he felt he could place greater confidence. He spoke of it the night before he died—in his last conscious moments. He had talked it over with me before."

"You knew it, then, before father died?" Bessie turned half accusingly toward her mother.

"Yes, of course."

"Oh, it's all too hideous," the girl burst out fiercely. "It does seem as if father might have known enough to pick out an honest man as administrator of his estate."

"My poor Bessie!" Mrs. Price's eyes grew dim. Her delicate, wan face showed no self-concern; all her feeling was for the girl and the way in which this terrible catastrophe would affect her. She had not remembered the changes which this sudden fading of a fortune would make in her own habits of a life-time. It was harder for Bessie; she was young and beautiful; it was right that she should never know money troubles. Her hand sought Bessie's again in silent consolation; but the girl held her face averted and bit her scarlet lips to keep back her tears. Somehow, her mother seemed to share the blame of her father's ill judgment.

They did not look alike, this mother and daughter. The girl, in her mature, young womanhood, was of medium height, and finely built, with brilliant coloring and assured bearing; the mother, softly tinted and slender, with eyes and lips that might be merry if not so sad.

"This morning it was agreed," began Bessie suddenly, "that Van Emmons' friends would refund the money. What has happened? Have they backed out?"

"No, they were still willing to do so till—till the disclosure came this afternoon. We had met the judge, and he agreed to it, provided Mr. Van Emmons' past record was clear. That seemed a mere formality; everybody knew of his position socially and financially. Oh, Bessie, I was so happy, then; the money was almost back into my hands; all this dreadful worry over—"

"And then?" prompted Bessie impatiently.

Mrs. Price wound her slender, white fingers closely together. "And then, just at the point of recovery, the dreadful disclosure came; it was not his first offense."

"What!" exclaimed Bessie breathlessly.

"Fifteen years ago he did the same thing: he had charge of trust funds and misappropriated them. A friend refunded all the money. He took an oath never to handle trust funds again, and was released. The matter was hushed up; your father

never knew it; nobody heard of it but the people concerned, and this friend."

The girl sprang to her feet fiercely. "Father should have known it! He should have known everything about the man he made his trustee!" She buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud.

Mrs. Price bent over her, her pale face lovely in its yearning. An artist might have given half his fortune for the power to transfer to his canvas the sweetness of her eyes and lips, and ventured all his hope of immortality in a portrait of her as the modern Madonna of loving sacrifice. But Bessie did not look at her mother. When she lifted her face, her eyes were hard and bright and her voice was even.

"Theodore Seabring was here this afternoon. I sent him away. He's coming back later. I think he meant to ask me to marry him. If he does, I shall say, yes."

Mrs. Price's eyelids fell and hid the amazement that leaped into her soft brown eyes. She dropped into the nearest chair with a little smothered exclamation. It might have been the exhaustion of the afternoon's ordeal conquering her self-control, or the too fragrant warmth of the big room, with its many flowers and crackling wood fire. Bessie did not notice. She was staring hard at the flames on the hearth.

"He is much older than you, Bessie," said Mrs. Price at last.

"Yes," returned Bessie indifferently; "two years older than you are. But he's rich and he's generous. And I am not willing to be poor."

"Then you think he loves you?" Mrs. Price's voice was very low.

"Why should he come here so much if he doesn't?" queried Bessie with a little laugh of assurance. "Wherever we've been this winter, he's appeared on the scene, by magic. It isn't all chance, mother. You can't expect me to believe that. And then, this afternoon, the first thing he asked was if you were out; he wanted to make sure I was alone."

"Yes," said Mrs. Price quietly.

"I sent him away. I knew what was coming, but I didn't want to answer him till I knew how this thing was to come out. I told him to come back later." Bessie's voice was hard. "Now we know, and my mind is settled."

"You'll take him now because we're poor?"

"Yes."

"No pride, Bessie?"

"Pride is a luxury which poor people can't afford," returned the girl.

Mrs. Price's cheeks flamed, and a sudden scorn conquered

the gentleness of her voice. "You'll accept him now, when sympathy or pity may make him speak? I would not."

"Fortunately, it isn't you he wants to marry," said Bessie dryly. There was silence in the room till the sound of a distant ringing bell roused the girl's attention.

"It's Mr. Seabring!" she exclaimed. "He's come now."

Mrs. Price arose, her slender, black-robed figure showed short and frail against the splendid lines of Bessie's youth. But there was disdain in her gentle eyes and an immeasurable dignity in her motions as she crossed the room.

"I'll go, Bessie. He will wish to see you alone."

"No, stay!" the girl cried. "He'll have to know about this; I want you to tell him."

## II.

The shadows deepened in Mrs. Price's brown eyes and her lips quivered. Then she sat down again, and they waited till a maid announced Mr. Seabring. He was a tall, sparely built man in the middle forties, carrying with him a sense of outdoor freshness and unaggressive independence. He greeted Bessie warmly, with a gay compliment and admiring eyes. Then he came across the room and held out his hand quietly to the mother.

"You're not well!" he exclaimed with quick concern.

"Just a little tired," she acknowledged, summoning a bright cheerfulness to her eyes and voice.

"I'm going to presume upon my position as a friend of the family to demand the reason," he declared, taking the chair which Bessie motioned to him by her side. His eyes, of a pleasant gray, rested kindly on Mrs. Price. "What have you been doing to yourself?"

"Mother has had a most trying afternoon," began Bessie, in her clear, colorless voice.

And then, after a slight pause, Mrs. Price girded herself to her task. "We have been in great trouble lately."

"Why haven't I known it?" asked Mr. Seabring warmly. "You should have told me at once."

"It is for Bessie that it is harder. We have lost our fortune, Mr. Seabring. The last hope went this afternoon."

"Tell me everything," he said quietly.

"The old story," she continued, smiling faintly; "trust funds misappropriated; absolute confidence suddenly, ruthlessly shaken, and then, the revelation, and the money irrevocably gone."

"Has he taken much?" demanded Seabring.

"Practically everything."

"Outrageous!" His hand clenched in involuntary anger



against the unknown defaulter. "Has the fellow nothing? Is there no way of recovery?"

"The last hope went this afternoon," answered Mrs. Price. "Friends of the man were willing to make up the deficit and refund the money. They stood by him loyally; were ready to do anything to save him, and then—"

"Then?" queried Seabring sharply.

"They discovered it was not his first offense. He has held an enviable position in the community, respected and trusted by every one; but fifteen years ago he stole from the funds of another estate. A friend, he seems never to have lacked friends, stood by him, refunded all the money, and saved him from public disgrace. He was let off under oath that he would never again accept such a position of responsibility." She smiled bravely. "It's rather unfortunate for us. You see, we thought we were the first ones; that we should get our money back. Just at the last moment this all came out. His friends were aghast at the discovery and withdrew their offer. The judge refused to consider leniency a second time."

Mrs. Page did not look up as she told her little story; her slender hands were folded in her lap, and her eyes rested quietly upon them. Seabring's face was grave and deep lines stood out about his mouth.

"The man's name?" he demanded sharply.

"Theodore Van Emmons," she replied, without lifting her eyes.

Seabring sprang to his feet. "My God!" he cried passionately.

He came and stood in front of her chair. "You know?" he asked, in a thin voice.

Mrs. Price lifted her eyes, and they rested an instant on his, clear and gentle and tender. "Yes, I know," she said simply.

"What do you know?" demanded Bessie, in amazement.

"You have not told her?" asked Seabring, astonished.

"No."

Seabring's eyes grew tender as they met hers. Then he turned quickly to the impatient girl.

"It means, Bessie, that I was the man who covered up Theodore Van Emmon's theft fifteen years ago, refunded the money, and kept his reputation clear."

For an instant Bessie stared at him; then the vivid color spread over her animated face. "What right had you to conceal his crime?" she cried passionately. "What right had you to turn him loose to steal from innocent people, to take the money that belongs to mother and me? You've made us poor. It's all your fault that this has happened."

"It is my fault," said Seabring humbly.

Mrs. Price bent her head upon her hand. The room was reeling before her tired eyes. Something roared dully in her ears—poverty, poverty for Bessie.” But Bessie was young and beautiful; Seabring loved her; Bessie would not be poor.

### III.

Bessie was standing erect, defiant and angry; her bright eyes were hard as they rested on Seabring’s white face and remorseful eyes.

“You’ve made us poor,” she repeated bitterly. “My father would never have made that man his trustee if you hadn’t shielded him from justice.”

“It is my fault,” said Seabring quietly; “but I should like to tell you why I did it. I loved that man; we grew up together and were close friends. When he went wrong, my one thought was to save him. He swore it was his misfortune rather than his crime, and I believed him. He promised me never again to accept such a position. I couldn’t let him sink, a young fellow with all his life before him. I couldn’t have his name blackened at the very start. I refunded the money. I thought I had saved him.”

“What right had you to be the judge?” cried Bessie in low-voiced passion. “You’ve ruined our lives, perhaps others, through your arrogance. I hate you. Oh, I hate you.”

“Stop, Bessie!” cried Mrs. Price, with flaming eyes. Her slender body was trembling with emotion and two crimson spots flared in her cheeks. The girl fell back instinctively, abashed. “Oh, I’m ashamed of you. How dare you speak like that to Mr. Seabring? You were willing, and I was willing, to let these other men refund the money that Van Emmons took from us. We were eager to get it back in any way we could. What thought had we of others whom it might imperil if he was saved? We’ve no right to criticize. We thought only of saving our fortune—she turned impulsively to Seabring—you thought of saving a friend.”

A well of gratitude shone from Seabring’s eyes. He turned and clasped her hand almost lovingly. “That’s like your dear reasoning, Ruth. You’re all that’s sweet and tender and forgiving. But Bessie’s right. I did do wrong. I was arrogant in my interference. God grant no other lives have been ruined through my action. I thought he’d keep straight. I’ve been away for many years and have not seen him. I never dreamed he had charge of your affairs. That he should make you—you of all people—his victims. Forgive me, if you can.”

“You’re not to blame,” said Mrs. Price, firmly.

He held her hand fast in his, and then he looked across at

Bessie. "I came here this afternoon to ask a question. You'll both believe me when I tell you that—you've known what's brought me here so much this winter."

He paused an instant. Bessie's passion, subsiding, left her half unconscious of the bitter things she might have said in her anger. It would all come out well. Seabring was rich; they would have money. She had been foolish to lose her temper as she had. But she knit her brows in growing anger as her mother's voice, quiet and gentle, broke in.

"Don't say what you mean to, Theodore," she said quietly. "You're good and generous. We appreciate your sympathy, but we can't accept your money."

Bessie's eyes flashed in anger at the chance her mother would let slip. "It isn't Theodore's money he's offering, mother. It's himself," she interrupted.

"Bessie's right again," said Seabring gravely. "It's myself. Will you take me, Ruth?"

And then, while Mrs. Price lifted amazed eyes and Bessie's face grew white, Seabring bent with unmistakable passion over the frail, slender woman and breathlessly waited for her answer.

"But Bessie!" gasped Mrs. Price in dismay.

"Bessie hates me for what I did," said Seabring, not taking his eyes from her face. "And you, Ruth?"

"I—I love you for it," whispered Mrs. Price.

And with that he gathered her in his arms.

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## Sunbeams

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Be sure to gather up the sunbeams,  
That's strewn along your way;  
For they were put there just to bless you;  
And help you on your way.  
While walking in the slippery pathway  
Of life, we're apt to fall;  
We need those shining little sunbeams,  
To help us, one and all.

How blessed are those little sunbeams,  
Each day they bring a ray,  
And when life seems so dark and dreary,  
They drive all cares away.

*Joseco, Nevada*

*Matilda Mathews*



# Religion of Body and Mind

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*By Dr. Elmer G. Petersen, President Utah Agricultural College*

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Many people desire only a "nice" religion, a religion which will not interfere with their whims and pleasures. They enjoy such a religion much as deliberately childless women enjoy a lap dog which they bathe, perfume, beribbon, and fondle. They resent child bearing and child rearing because of the discomfort which they entail. Likewise they resent a religion which says what they should eat and drink, how in a measure they should clothe their bodies, how they should employ their time and what shall, within reason, be their social standard. Furthermore they resent conformity to the established good attributes of family conduct. Many prefer a religion which does not interfere with their taking fully out of life its passing pleasures of body and mind. They wish to indulge the senses during the week and then coat over with a semblance of sanctimony the affairs of the week by a formal saintliness on Sunday. Much as they bathe the body of its accumulated excreta so they desire to spiritually and morally bathe themselves.

A religion which does not impose restraints on appetite, on lust, and on the social indulgences appeals to them. How vain it is! A religion which does not go down to bed rock in the primitive personal qualities is a religion of evasion. Christ spoke clearly on many subjects and on none more strongly than this. The formal saintliness of the Pharisee he abhorred. The man or woman who embodied faith, charity, or brotherly love he sanctified. "They draw near to me with their lips but their hearts are far from me," expressed his opinion of those who were not inwardly clean. How impossible it is to make of religion a candy diet. Its principles exact a personal, bodily and mental allegiance, or they are worthless.

Christ was crucified because he embodied righteousness and he denounced evil. The world today is little improved in many things over the world of 1900 years ago. Christ would be a very unwelcome visitor to the earth today. His doctrine would be resented and he would be crucified again, because he would not condone evil. He would denounce hypocrites and he would impose right living upon those who would prefer only to profess righteousness. He would interfere with the comforts of men and women and they would drive him out, because, still

much as do swine, we wallow in the swill and filth of mere physical and mental indulgence. Take from us these indulgences and we growl as do animals.

To do right fully is not possible for humans. To try to do right is the opportunity of every one. To cease to try to do right is to surrender to evil. To do wrong deliberately and constantly without attempt at restraint is to serve hell. To love to do evil constantly is to be an acknowledged worker against Christ. It is a valiant act to take upon us the obligation to continually try to do works of righteousness. To serve the Master is the task difficult beyond all else. We shall be judged, I presume, not upon the possibility of a perfect achievement but upon the consistency of our effort.

Too many believe that righteousness is a sickly, sentimental thing with its own particular garment of solemnity and sadness. Too many believe that Christ, and those who try to follow him, are anaemic, sallow, mournful. Quite the contrary, righteousness is robust, virtue is strong. Cheerfulness is an outstanding attribute of Christianity. To be sure it is a joyousness based upon refinement rather than upon coarseness. It is the pleasure which comes from exquisite violin music, as opposed to the vulgarity of jazz. It does not include mere bestial pleasure, although a higher physical enjoyment it does include.

It is a long and hard road to travel from the enjoyment of the man who makes of his body and mind a mere receptacle for easy filth, whether of food or thought, to the satisfaction based upon refinement of body and mind. To put the lash on one's back and go along this road constantly is to court the only real and lasting satisfaction of life. To have achieved in this is to have been exalted to the degree of achievement. Our satisfaction is commensurate with our effort. Nothing else in life is worth while. How pitiful the spectacle of the young or old who surrender to the easy ways of living. To the man who refuses to give up in the world-fight for supremacy over indulgence, the real joys of life are always at hand.

Here is the essence of religion. If we can but cleanse ourselves and strengthen the fibre of which we are made we become at once fit instruments for the action of every agency of good. Then begins upward our greater battle of achievement. After accomplishing inward cleanliness and moral strength we go on to the great conquest which awaits us in the realm of the spirit of man.

*Logan, Utah*



## Dawn

*By Harrison R. Merrill*

Dawn!  
 Glowing with promise,  
 Smiling, serene,  
 Backed by thin sunlight  
 Thy beauties are seen;  
 Flecked with the white-caps  
 Of God's azure sea  
 Flung from the headlands  
 In dim witchery!  
 Dawn!

How his glory  
 Shines through the thin veil  
 And haloes each mountain  
 And hallows each vale!



*And Haloes Each Mountain and Hallows Each Vale*



# Consider the Lilies

By A. C. A. Dean Hewer

Thank you for awaking me, said a lily, among mignonette, to the sunshine. I have slept a long sleep, and I have had a beautiful dream. You remember how dissatisfied I was last year, because I was not a rose? Everyone called the rose queen of flowers. One day I heard a sweet girl saying—"Oh, I do love roses! They are most beautiful!" She did not look at me; yet I loved her more than I could say.

I was very sad as I went to sleep. Presently I began to dream,—at first it was only confusion, but as I dreamt on I heard a voice, saying—

"Consider the lilies."

Ah! dear sunshine, I cannot tell you how sweet and soft that voice was as it said those words.

"Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these," the gentle voice went on ("Arrayed!" but I was only white.)

Still, somehow, as I listened all my sadness fell away, and a great joy filled my heart instead.

Then a beautiful picture passed before my sight.

In a lovely garden filled with odors of rare, sweet spices, I saw one walking among beds of flowers; and as he satisfied his hunger, I saw that he gathered lilies until his hands were filled with the white blossoms. On a purple band fastened over one shoulder and tied beneath the arm on the other side, I could see embroidered in scarlet and blue, with gold bells along the edges, these words: "I am the lily of the valleys."

The colors were royal to show who he was, I suppose; for he, himself, had praised the simple clothing of the lilies of the field.

As he passed by I saw his eyes were lit with a light too divine for any one to gaze upon.

I heard his voice again, as he spoke to one who walked at his side: "And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints."

He gave the snow-white lilies he held in his hands, to her, and said in accents tenderer and sweeter far than any I had ever heard: "Consider the lilies."

Then I saw they were no longer flowers; but the pure, white souls of saints.

Sunshine! dear, warm sunshine, do you wonder that I said

my dream was beautiful, and that I say, I am very glad I am a lily? The roses are lovely indeed, but I am content.

The sun shone under the bent boughs of the old apple tree to show that it had listened to what the lily said, and then smiled serenely over all the garden in a flood of springtime love.

The brown bees hummed among the flowers in drowsy, sweet content; and the mignonette near the lilies perfumed all the air with its fragrant breath.

Then I prayed that I, too, might be a lily, so that he could gather me from among the scents and spices, when he walked at evening in his garden, which is also the garden of God.

*Hobart, Tasmania*

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## Lop-Sided Appropriations

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*By Will H. Brown*

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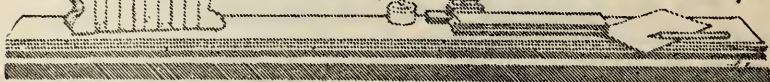
Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, formerly Government Chemist, deserves the thanks of all thoughtful and loyal citizens for these words: "If the same agricultural care were given to food crops that tobacco demands, the yield per acre of foodstuffs in this country would be three times as large as it is today."

The Government has spent tens of thousands of dollars in experiments in tobacco culture, and also for instruction along this line in some of the great Universities—money far worse than wasted. So much official attention has been given to tobacco that many farmers have resorted to tobacco raising as their principal crop. Discussing the injury which has resulted from this, L. R. Keel, in the *Southern Agriculturist* says: "The farm rotation must be complete without it: there must be plenty of other good things to do with the land besides putting it into tobacco, and the farm must be able to run and meet its obligations without the income from tobacco. The tobacco money must not be a necessity to pay our taxes, fertilizer bill, feed and food bills and essential labor."

The United States Government appropriated \$280,000, in 1920, for the National Children's Bureau, and in 1919 appropriated \$446,000 for the eradication of hog cholera. If cholera or any other disease injured one-tenth as many hogs or other four-footed creatures as tobacco is injuring boys and men, there would be such an uprising of farmers that the Government would be compelled to spend millions, if necessary, to check the ravages of the disease. It is high time that sane Americans were putting a greater valuation upon our boys and men than upon hogs.

*Oakland, Calif.*

# EDITORS TABLE



## Close of Volume Twenty-four

With the November number the *Improvement Era* enters its 25th year, this number closing the 24th volume. We thank our patrons for their interest in the magazine, and solicit a renewal from all our subscribers, and trust that many additional subscribers may be added to our family of readers. We extend our thanks to the officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. whose faithful labor has enabled us to increase our circulation steadily. Without their efficient help it would not be possible to print a magazine like the *Era* for the price of \$2.00 per annum. We ask them to continue their valuable services in soliciting readers for the *Era*, so that every family throughout the Church may be visited and invited to subscribe. In this number there is a blank order on the 4th page of the announcement of the new volume, upon which we invite each present reader to renew his subscription without further solicitation. A personal letter, however, is sent in addition. As in the past, we can promise excellent subject-matter, consisting of sermons, doctrinal essays and literary articles, the best that can be had from a corps of leading men and women of the Church. Attention will specially be paid, in the departments, to the Priesthood Quorums and their labor and study, to Mutual Improvement work, to Church schools and education, and to missionaries in the missionary field and at home. Good stories will also appear; and, on the whole, we promise every member of the family a wealth of faith-promoting and interesting reading. With thanks to all who have aided us in any way, we enter upon the quarter-century year of the *Improvement Era* with full faith and confidence in the success of our efforts, and with thanks and blessings to those who have so nobly aided us.

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## A Standard of Action for the Lesser Priesthood

It is the love of God and man, as declared by our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ:

*"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, \* \* \* and thy neighbor as thyself."* (Matthew 22:37.)

These commandments are reiterated to the Prophet Joseph Smith in our own day, in these words:



*"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy might, mind, and strength; and in the name of Jesus Christ thou shalt serve him. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."* (Doctrine and Covenants 59:5-6.)

In order that we may put these commandments into practice, we will try to

*Think and act a loving thought each day.*

And that we may fit this instruction into our characters, we will try to cultivate in our daily actions the love which Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ, so beautifully analyzed (I Cor. 13:4-6):

*(1) Love suffereth long, (2) and is kind; (3) love envieth not; (4) love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.*

*(5) Doth not behave itself unseemly, (6) seeketh not her own, (7) is not easily provoked, (8) thinketh no evil;*

*(9) Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth.*

From this analysis the following elements of love long since have been deduced:

- |               |                  |                  |
|---------------|------------------|------------------|
| 1. Patience   | 4. Humility      | 7. Good Temper   |
| 2. Kindness   | 5. Courtesy      | 8. Guilelessness |
| 3. Generosity | 6. Unselfishness | 9. Sincerity     |

From these spring a multitude of small things and ordinary virtues which all may practice daily. So shall we learn to love God and our fellow men with all our hearts, souls, minds, and strength. Further analysis may be made from month to month in the *Era* to aid the young men bearing the Priesthood to put into practice these wonderful elements of love. Let it not be said that love is effeminate and impractical of application to the ordinary daily life. These nine ingredients of love are very capable of being turned to account in any person's daily acts. By these he would be brought much closer to the first and second great commandments upon which "hang all the law and the prophets." And the nearer one is to them the better citizen, neighbor, man, and Latter-day Saint he will be. Let us try how to practice patience to start with.—A.

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## Instructions to Bishops and Counselors

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The Presiding Bishopric of the Church have issued circular number thirteen, giving instructions to bishops and counselors, and stake and ward clerks in the Church, intended to aid these officers in transacting the business of the Church within their jurisdiction. The circular is sent out with a hope that those having business with the Presiding Bishopric will become familiar with the instructions, and further that the Presiding Bishopric will have the faithful cooperation and assistance of the stake and ward authorities.

One of the valuable instructions relating to ward teachers is that they are advised that all who are called to labor as acting teachers are requested to attend the teacher-training class in the ward.

Another instruction relates to candidates prepared to receive the Aaronic Priesthood. Their names should be submitted to the congregation of the Saints for approval, and the ordination should take place *before the body of the Saints at some stated period, preferably once a month.*

A very interesting feature relating to the foreign missionaries, their departure and return, reads as follows:

When persons are sent on missions it is a pleasing custom to hold a ward entertainment for them. This is a general practice. When they come back, having completed a noble mission, it would be a deserved mark of respect to give them a public reception to show our joy at their return, and let them know their coming home is as greatly appreciated as their going away.

We think this is a step in the right direction. Certainly when missionaries return to their homes, full of faith and the spirit of the gospel, having labored from two to four years in the mission field in behalf of the great cause for which we are all striving, their return home should not be left unnoticed as has often been the case. Generally when they leave they are given an entertainment and often means to aid them in their journey. On their return it is to be hoped that every ward will pay as much attention to them, as they did on their going into the mission field, and, furthermore, place them where they may have some work to do, both temporal and spiritual.

On the whole, the pamphlet, containing some 72 pages of matter, with an index, is of great value to the authorities of the wards, and will be found a worthy aid in producing concerted action, unity and harmony, in the labors of the priesthood.—A

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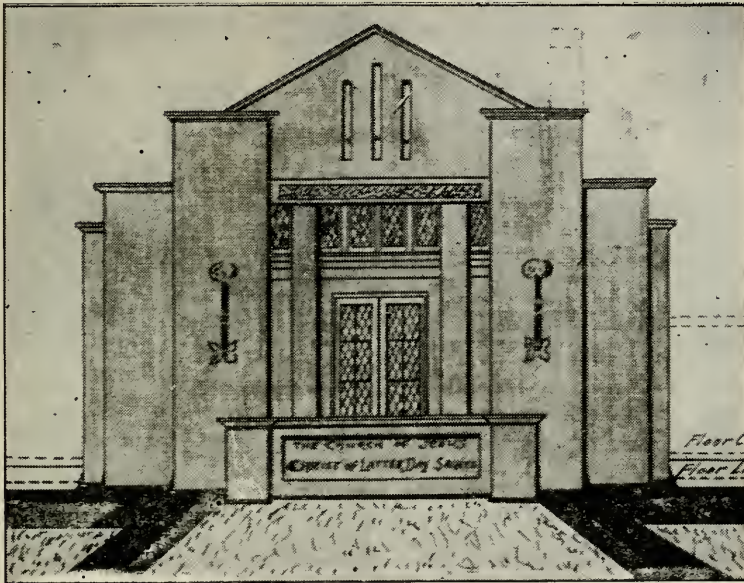
## Messages from the Missions

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### New Meeting House in Australia

Elder Milton B. Jensen, writing from Melbourne, Australia, August 1, says: "We are to have a meetinghouse in Melbourne, the capital of Australia. It has three-quarters of a million population and a multitude of churches. The Latter-day Saints are to erect this meetinghouse, and have already 300 feet of concrete foundation on a \$3,000 building site in East Melbourne. This may not mean much to the casual reader, but to the people here it means a great deal, and is a partial fulfilment of the dream of the Saints who have watched and worked for the establishment of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints upon a permanent basis in the city of Melbourne. Besides, it represents the hopes of other scores of elders who have labored in this Conference during the past quarter of a century. In November, 1919, a benefit concert was given under direction of President Calvin B. Robbins, resulting in the obtaining of \$100 as a nest egg in the treasury.

In December of that year a building committee was organized consisting of Conference President M. B. Jensen, chairman; Raymond Kneale, Secretary; Ernest Burness, John Caley and Arthur Butler. Numerous entertainments have since been held for the benefit of the fund. The elders and friends have donated both time and money, and the Church authorities in Zion have been very generous in rendering assistance. Besides, we have just received a substantial sum from the Australian Society comprising Australian Saints of Zion and elders who have labored in the Australian mission. Architect Leonard F. Hocking, though not a member of the Church, has drawn the plan for us and assisted in the numerous difficulties



*Proposed Latter-day Saints Building, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia*

which have arisen, and besides, stands ready to donate his service as overseer of the building. The work has taken on new life and activity since the recent grant of the Government permitting the entrance of twenty-four missionaries into the Commonwealth. A Relief Society has been organized in Melbourne. The elders are being received with kindness and respect, and frequently the acceptance of the gospel is a result; and many are waiting for the truth of the gospel and salvation as offered by the Latter-day Saints. Five elders are laboring in Melbourne at present, and we are praying for the removal of the restrictions that limit the number of elders in Australia."

### Successful Branch Conference in Virginia

President John B. Magleby of the Virginia conference, Southern States mission, writes that the Saints and missionaries of the Haron branch recently enjoyed the best branch conference ever held there. Large numbers attended all sessions. Many of the Saints from Roanoke and Boonsville branches were present. President John B. Magleby presided and conducted the meeting on Saturday evening. Three meetings were held during Sunday, also a Priesthood meeting, on Monday morning. A feature of



the conference was the beautiful singing and music. In the third session Sisters Ruth and Rachael Henderson and Ruby Wade sang "Love at Home" accompanied by Sister Mamie Goins on the violin. Elders Magleby, Sant, and Wood sang "Arise, my soul, arise." Several thoughtful addresses were delivered by the elders on principles of the gospel, which were inspirations to all who attended. Many new homes churches, and school houses, are being opened to the elders. Seventy-five baptisms have been performed



since May 1 in Virginia. Elders of the Virginia conference, left to right: Walter B. Waldron, Morgan; James I. Batty, Wallsburg; Allan G. Wood, Salt Lake City; Raymond H. Ward, Ogden; John B. Magleby, Monroe, Conference President; and Dewey Sanford, Delta, all of Utah.

Mission Conference presidents, missionaries and Saints at the Presidents' convention, held July 9-11, 1921, at Durham House, Liverpool. Center row: Thos. M. Wheeler, secretary European mission; Sister Lillywhite, John P. Lillywhite, president Netherland's mission; Sister Smith, President



George Albert Smith, President Orson F. Whitney, Sister Whitney, Carl E. Peterson, president Danish mission; Serge T. Ballif, president Swiss and German mission; Elder Junius F. Wells, Elder William A. Morton, and Conference presidents, missionaries and Saints.

### Famous Pianist Interested in the *Era*

Melvin Freebairn, Los Angeles, California, writes under date of August 15: "My missionary experience has taught me the value of the *Improvement Era*, and I place it above any other current publication in assisting us to preach the gospel in the mission field. I had the opportunity some evenings ago of preaching the gospel to the famous pianist Jaroslaw de Zielinski. He became very much interested in the *Era*, a copy of which I left with him. Since last April, Elder Wayne C. Gardner and I have held Sunday School and preaching services regularly in Hollywood, California. We have over seventy-eight families in this district."

### Doings in the Northern States Mission



Back row—left to right: Willard Burgess, Harold A. Wood, Walter G. Koplin, Lynn Jensen, Samuel W. Orme, Matthew Alleman and Hyrum O. Eitner. Third row: R. M. Pugmire, C. E. Christensen, S. R. Brewster, Niels Abelin, W. Ellis Wiltbank, Bland Ahlstrom, Francis A. Cox, and Earl F. Passey. Second Row: Elva Allen; C. H. Teuscher, former Conference President; Emily W. Smith, wife of President Smith; Winslow F. Smith, mission president; Anna Lewis; Nephi N. Probst, conference president; Lavern Abelin. First row: Christian Feinauer; Bryan L. Bunker, retiring Michigan conference president; Preston Heninger.

The Wisconsin Conference June 18-19, was the big event of the month for the Saints and missionaries of Wisconsin, and was one of the best quarterly conferences held in years. There was a large attendance of members from all parts of the state, as well as many interested friends and investigators. Three meetings were held in Milwaukee, and a fourth meeting was held in Racine. Prominent among those who spoke at the different sessions were President W. F. Smith, President Heber Q. Hale, of the Boise stake of Zion, and Nicholas G. Morgan of the Church Board of

Y. M. M. I. A. The scouts of Troop 10, Logan Square Branch, Chicago, spent the period, July 25 to August 6, at Camp Checaugau, which is a large



Boy Scout camp located in the Deer Grove Forest Preserve near Palatine, Illinois. There are only thirteen boys in the troop, but every one is alive and great interest is shown in scouting. Of the nine boys who went to camp as Tenderfoot scouts, seven of them successfully passed their Second Class tests. Honors were won by several of the boys individually; and the flag shown in the picture was awarded to them at the last inspection before leaving camp for having the highest score. Interest

Those appearing in the picture are as follows: among the boys is keen, left to right, back row: Elder Francis A. Cox, and the prospects are assistant scoutmaster; Edward Bischoff, patrol bright for much good leader; Whitney Smith, patrol leader; Albert work being done this Bristicky; Elder H. Harries Lloyd, scoutmaster. winter.—*M. J. Urie.*

### Baptisms in Samoa

A. L. Huntsman, of the Samoan Mission, reports a very successful baptismal service, held July 24, at Pesega, at which six people were baptized by Elder Huntsman. He says: "We have organized a new branch in Matootua, the residential part of Samoa's business men, and near the Government hospital. Three of the new converts were of this branch, and they were Ma'atuse, a very prominent clerk of the High Court; Talu, his sister; and Talassa. The confirmation was performed in the afternoon. Some 120 Saints and investigators were in attendance at the meeting and were greatly impressed with the simplicity of our mode of confirmation. We are encouraged with the prospects of this branch—to be one of Samoa's best, owing to the prominence of its members and the sincerity which now exists. The native Saints are very true to the gospel and we are very proud to employ their diligence."

### Mission to Palestine

Professor Booth, of the Brigham Young University, has been released from school duties and is to go on a mission to Asia Minor, including Palestine, where there is now religious freedom.

### Mutual Work Thriving in Illinois

Elder Oliver Hansen writing from Springfield, Illinois, reports success in the labors of the missionaries in that branch achieved through diligent and consistent effort. "Our Mutual work is thriving under the leadership of our branch officers. We think the *Era* is an efficient missionary. In placing the gospel before investigators, we find that the *Improvement Era* stimulates the desire to read our other literature. It furnishes us with food for thought, and we thank you for the work you are doing and for





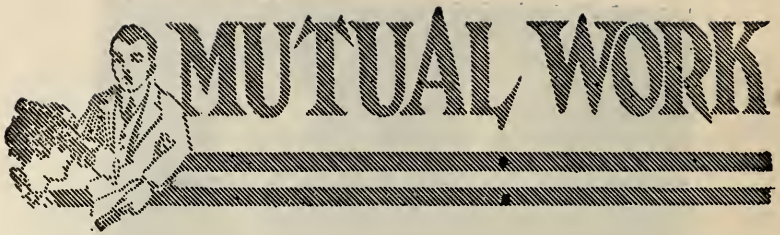
the magazine." Missionaries: Standing, left to right: Joseph E. Tracy, Oliver Hansen, presiding elder; Selma Lee, President Oswald L. Pearson, South Illinois conference; Hilda Knudsen.

### Sixteen Baptisms in Manchester

Elder George H. Hansen, Manchester, England, reports that the missionary work is progressing well in the Manchester Conference. There have been nineteen baptisms since January 1. Missionaries of the Man-



chester Conference are as follows: Top row, left to right: F. N. Nish, Garland; Glen A. Finlayson, Provo; Alex Criddle, Kaysville; Leo V. Worsley, Centerville, Utah; C. W. Fossey, Alberta, Canada; Bottom row: Luke Briggs, Rexburg; John A. Donaldson, Salt Lake City; Claudius W. Hinckley, Ogden; Conference President George H. Hansen, Richfield, Utah,



## Work for October

To stake and ward officers Y. M. M. I. A.: The following are the most important items for immediate consideration in October:

1. *Careful checking* on instructions given at annual conventions to see if the wards are observing them.
2. *The opening social.* (See folder on "Special Activities" for suggestions.) A good start means a great deal towards the success of the season's work. Many associations use this social in which to obtain the annual fund.
3. *Organization and membership.* See that stake and ward organizations are complete and ready for work, and that effort is made to get and hold present membership. Increase it just a bit over last year, in some wards very materially. The Church average was 11.16 last year. Let's make our enrollment at least twelve percent of the Church population this year in each ward and stake of the Church, more if possible.
4. *Order Manuals.* Check with the wards and let presidents order senior and junior manuals at once. Price 25c each. (Senior, or Junior.)
5. *See that each ward is supplied with efficiency blanks* and that each ward shall report promptly by the end of each month. Of course, we shall expect a prompt report from each stake no later than the 10th of November covering the October study and activities.
6. *Check on the preparation of class leaders,* and their attendance at teacher-training class.

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*Changes in ward officers, August, 1921.—New Bishops, etc.*—Panaca ward, Moapa stake, F. E. Wadsworth succeeded Wm. H. Edwards, address same. Lanark ward, Bear Lake stake, Frederick W. Passey died and none appointed. Sandy First ward, Jordan stake, August M. Nelson succeeded Alva J. Butler, address same. Riverton ward, Jordan stake, David Bills succeeded Gordon S. Bills, address same. Richfield First ward, Sevier stake, Frank M. Ogden succeeded Nels C. Poulson, address same. Kilgore ward, Yellowstone stake, A. F. Rasmussen succeeded Deloss C. Waters, address same. Provo Third ward, Utah stake, George Powelson succeeded Thatcher C. Jones, address same. Milford ward, Beaver stake, Edward H. Bird succeeded William J. Burns, address same. Churchill branch, Cassia stake, John H. Hill, address Churchill, Idaho. Rockport ward, Summit stake, Robert Siddoway died and none appointed. Fielding ward, Bear River stake, John Garn succeeded Ole Petersen, address same. Leland ward, Nebo stake, Stephen D. Markham succeeded Lars P. Larsen, address same.

# PASSING EVENTS



*A Disastrous Flood* swept over part of San Antonio, Texas, Sept. 11. The dead and missing are estimated at 250, and the loss of property is said to be no less than \$5,000,000.

*Members of the Russian relief commission* were arrested, August 30, by the soviet government. They were charged with fomenting revolution against the government. Maxim Gorky was the leading spirit in the commission.

*One hundred and thirty-three years* is the age claimed by "Uncle" John Shell, whose home is on Grassy Creek, Leslie Co., Kentucky. He says he was born in 1788. If his claim can be substantiated, he has the distinction, probably, of being the oldest man living.

*The Twelfth-Thirteenth ward chapel*, Salt Lake City, was dedicated at the regular ward services, Sept. 11. President Charles W. Penrose delivered an impressive sermon, dwelling principally on the doctrine of resurrection and life hereafter, and then he offered the dedicatory prayer.

*Serious riots in Belfast* occurred on August 29 and 30. In the fighting that took place in the streets between civilians and the military, fifteen persons were killed and about 100 injured. As a result of representations of the Lord Mayor as to the necessity of affording protection to the city, the military assumed control of affairs.

*Bounteous gifts for famine sufferers* have reached the stricken districts in Russia from American sources. Word of the first shipment of food for children was received in New York, August 23, by the American relief administration, from Walker L. Browne, its European director in Riga. One thousand tons of balanced rations were shipped from Riga August 20, to the Petrograd district and 2500 tons to the Moscow district.

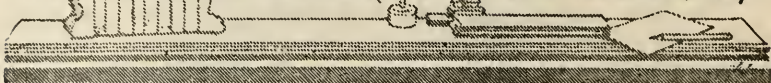
*General Karl von Buelow*, German field marshal, died at Berlin, August 31, at the age of 76 years. He was one of Germany's leading commanders during the war, and he was among the Germans whose surrender for trial was demanded by the treaty of Versailles. After his name was published, he declared that extradition was an ignominy to which "no German would voluntarily submit."

*The vast estates of the Hapsburgs*, situated in Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Poland, Rumania, and Italy and valued at \$200,000,000 have been brought by an American syndicate of business men. The property includes the great steel works and mines in Teschen, partly in Czecho-Slovakia and partly in Poland; also other industries such as the dairies near Vienna's sugar plantations, factories, apartment houses, palaces and other private properties in Vienna, castles, about 1,000,000 acres of land, and the Albertina museum in Vienna.

*The American delegates to the armament conference*, appointed by President Harding, are, Charles Evan Hughes, secretary of state; Henry



# EDITORS TABLE



## Close of Volume Twenty-four

With the November number the *Improvement Era* enters its 25th year, this number closing the 24th volume. We thank our patrons for their interest in the magazine, and solicit a renewal from all our subscribers, and trust that many additional subscribers may be added to our family of readers. We extend our thanks to the officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. whose faithful labor has enabled us to increase our circulation steadily. Without their efficient help it would not be possible to print a magazine like the *Era* for the price of \$2.00 per annum. We ask them to continue their valuable services in soliciting readers for the *Era*, so that every family throughout the Church may be visited and invited to subscribe. In this number there is a blank order on the 4th page of the announcement of the new volume, upon which we invite each present reader to renew his subscription without further solicitation. A personal letter, however, is sent in addition. As in the past, we can promise excellent subject-matter, consisting of sermons, doctrinal essays and literary articles, the best that can be had from a corps of leading men and women of the Church. Attention will specially be paid, in the departments, to the Priesthood Quorums and their labor and study, to Mutual Improvement work, to Church schools and education, and to missionaries in the missionary field and at home. Good stories will also appear; and, on the whole, we promise every member of the family a wealth of faith-promoting and interesting reading. With thanks to all who have aided us in any way, we enter upon the quarter-century year of the *Improvement Era* with full faith and confidence in the success of our efforts, and with thanks and blessings to those who have so nobly aided us.

---

## A Standard of Action for the Lesser Priesthood

It is the love of God and man, as declared by our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ:

*"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, \* \* \* and thy neighbor as thyself."* (Matthew 22:37.)

These commandments are reiterated to the Prophet Joseph Smith in our own day, in these words:

*"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy might, mind, and strength; and in the name of Jesus Christ thou shalt serve him. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."* (Doctrine and Covenants 59:5-6.)

In order that we may put these commandments into practice, we will try to

*Think and act a loving thought each day.*

And that we may fit this instruction into our characters, we will try to cultivate in our daily actions the love which Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ, so beautifully analyzed (I Cor. 13:4-6):

*(1) Love suffereth long, (2) and is kind; (3) love envieth not; (4) love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.*

*(5) Doth not behave itself unseemly, (6) seeketh not her own, (7) is not easily provoked, (8) thinketh no evil;*

*(9) Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth.*

From this analysis the following elements of love long since have been deduced:

- |               |                  |                  |
|---------------|------------------|------------------|
| 1. Patience   | 4. Humility      | 7. Good Temper   |
| 2. Kindness   | 5. Courtesy      | 8. Guilelessness |
| 3. Generosity | 6. Unselfishness | 9. Sincerity     |

From these spring a multitude of small things and ordinary virtues which all may practice daily. So shall we learn to love God and our fellow men with all our hearts, souls, minds, and strength. Further analysis may be made from month to month in the *Era* to aid the young men bearing the Priesthood to put into practice these wonderful elements of love. Let it not be said that love is effeminate and impractical of application to the ordinary daily life. These nine ingredients of love are very capable of being turned to account in any person's daily acts. By these he would be brought much closer to the first and second great commandments upon which "hang all the law and the prophets." And the nearer one is to them the better citizen, neighbor, man, and Latter-day Saint he will be. Let us try how to practice patience to start with.—A.

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## Instructions to Bishops and Counselors

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The Presiding Bishopric of the Church have issued circular number thirteen, giving instructions to bishops and counselors, and stake and ward clerks in the Church, intended to aid these officers in transacting the business of the Church within their jurisdiction. The circular is sent out with a hope that those having business with the Presiding Bishopric will become familiar with the instructions, and further that the Presiding Bishopric will have the faithful cooperation and assistance of the stake and ward authorities.

to organize. The situation has been aggravated by mutual antagonisms of long standing. On September 5, it was reported that quiet had been restored.

### The M. I. A. a Live Organization in England

Elder C. Douglas Barnes, clerk of the Norwich Conference, England, writes under date of May 18: "This Conference is under the direction of William H. Wilson, and there are five other elders laboring in various parts of it. The photo shows the Y. L. M. I. A., one of the organizations carried on by the women during the war. It accomplished much in holding the branch together. The leaders did much of the missionary work during that critical period and succeeded in gathering many new friends, who are now investigating the gospel. The Mutual is one of the live



auxiliaries of the Norwich Conference." Back row: Frank Wilkin, Hannah Crotch, Anna Wilkin, Arthur Crotch, Emma Howes. Center row: Ethel Wilkin; conference president William H. Wilkin, Edith Appleton, Mayble Moyses, May Wilkin, Elder C. Douglas Barnes, Elsie Wilmot. Front row: Frederick Tuttle, Edith Southgate, Beatrice P. Carey, Lily Crotch, Eva Wilkin, Rosa Wilkin, Herbert Browne.



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## CONTENTS

Portrait of George Albert Smith.....	<i>Frontispiece</i>
George Albert Smith, Genl. Supt. Y. M. M. I. A.....	1051
Why Fear Death?.....	<i>G. Milton Babcock</i> 1053
Enthusiasm in Preaching.....	<i>Joseph S. Peery</i> 1058
Qualifications in Leadership.....	<i>Brigham H. Roberts</i> 1059
College Training for Business.....	<i>K. B. Sauls, B. S.</i> 1065
Autumn. A Poem.....	<i>D. C. Retsloff</i> 1067
Glimpses of Nature.....	<i>Wreno Bowers</i> 1068
Fatherhood. A Poem.....	<i>Ida R. Alldredge</i> 1069
Old Southpaw. A Story.....	<i>Orville S. Johnson</i> 1070
Entertaining the Farmers of an Entire State, Illustrated.....	<i>D. E. Robinson</i> 1077
A Record of the Mighty Dead on this Continent to be Preserved.....	<i>H. Newton Thornton</i> 1084
Alphabet of Suggestive Definitions.....	<i>James D. Todd</i> 1085
The End of the Feud. A Story.....	<i>Elizabeth Cannon Porter</i> 1086
Don't Give Up. A Poem.....	<i>Francis M. Shafer</i> 1088
Conversion.....	<i>Prof. Enoch Jorgensen</i> 1089
Eden. A Poem.....	<i>A. C. A. Dean Hewer</i> 1092
Boy Scouts on the Way to Yellowstone. Illus- tration.....	1098
Sources of Joy and Factors of Happiness IV-VI.....	<i>Dr George H. Brimhall</i> 1094
My Daddy Rainbow. A Poem.....	<i>D. C. Retsloff</i> 1102
The Girl.....	<i>Nephi Anderson</i> 1103
A Letter from Home. A Poem.....	<i>Leon C. Walton</i> 1105
An Angel Came Down. Hymn, with Music.....	<i>Evan Stephens</i> 1106
Name the Inference.....	<i>Will H. Brown</i> 1107
How Theodore Seabring Made Restitution. A Story.....	<i>Everett Spring</i> 1108
Sunbeams. A Poem.....	<i>Matilda Mathews</i> 1114
Religion of Body and Mind.....	<i>Dr. Elmer G. Petersen</i> 1115
Dawn. A Poem.....	<i>Harrison R. Merrill</i> 1117
Consider the Lilies.....	<i>A. C. A. Dean Hewer</i> 1118
Lop-Sided Appropriations.....	<i>Will H. Brown</i> 1119
Editors' Table—Close of Volume Twenty-Four.....	1120
A Standard of Action for the Lesser Priest- hood.....	1120
Instructions to Bishops and Counselors.....	1121
Messages from the Missions.....	1122
Mutual Work.....	1128
Passing Events.....	1129

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